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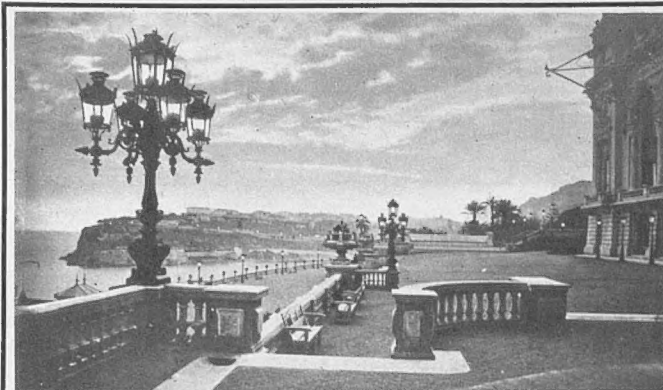
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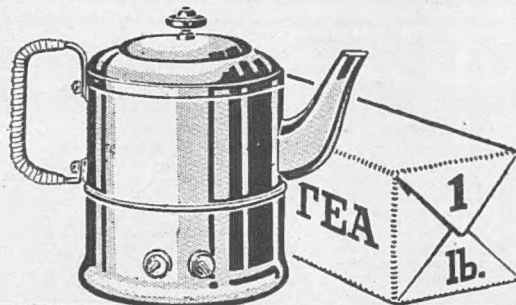
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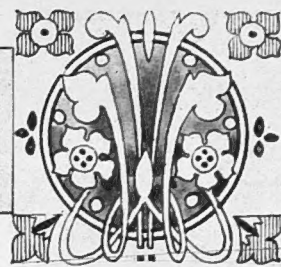
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THE SKETCH



REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 1619—Vol. CXXV.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1924.

ONE SHILLING.



OFF TO SEE "THE ARMADILL"—ALL DILLOWING IN HIS ARMOUR": LADY WINIFRED PENNOYER.

Lady Winifred Pennoyer, who has just sailed for Brazil with her husband, Mr. Richard Pennoyer, where, to quote Rudyard Kipling's "Rolling Down to Rio," she may see "the armadill" all dillowing in his armour," is the elder of the two sisters of the Marquess of Anglesey. Her first husband was the late Captain Viscount Ingestre, M.V.O. and her marriage to Mr. Richard Pennoyer took place

in 1917. Lady Winifred and Mr. Pennoyer live at St. Donat's Castle, Glamorganshire, and have one son, born in 1921. Her son by her first marriage is the present Earl of Shrewsbury, and she has three daughters—the Ladies Ursula, Victoria, and Joan Chetwynd-Talbot. Our photograph of Lady Winifred Pennoyer shows her in her favourite fancy dress, a beautiful mediæval costume, which suits her very well.

Camera Portrait by Hugh Cecil.



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

TO-DAY'S TALK ABOUT TO-MORROW.

I HAVE been reading a very interesting article by Professor A. M. Low concerning the "scientific future." Professor Low is a prophet whose prophecies come true. Well, he says he is almost tired of pointing to the writings of a few years ago—presumably his own writings—and saying, "I told you so."

He declares that a scientific peep into the future is no more a guess than the average weather report. I hope not. What puzzles me about the average weather report is why the people who concoct it do not look out of the window.

Our weather reports are always pessimistic. Anybody who relies upon them must lead an indoor life. Every day we are promised sleet, rain, hail, fog, and snow. One reads these forecasts in such blinding sunshine that smoked glasses are necessary.

However, that has nothing to do with Professor Low, except that he was the first to drag in the weather report.

In about fifty years' time you will be able to talk to your friends on the Atlantic (I mean, of course, that they will be on the Atlantic whilst you are at home in your arm-chair) and see them at the same time. You will be able to see them, I gather, whether they wish to be seen or not. At any rate, we are to be able to see through the walls of a submarine, so why not through the walls of a liner?

"It is a wonderful thought," writes the Professor, "that the crew of a submarine, the miner, and even the cabin of an aeroplane dashing to destruction may be broadcast to us in pictures in our own room!"

May I be allowed to say that I think it is a very beastly thought? I should hate to sit in a comfortable arm-chair and see the passengers in an aeroplane being dashed to destruction. It is not at all my idea of amusement. Perhaps, however, I am in the minority. Film producers probably know their business, and they manage to give the public, from time to time, some particularly horrible things.

But what is going to happen to the privacy of the home? If we are to be able to see our friends being ill in their cabins on the Atlantic, what is to prevent us seeing our friends in their houses on shore? Nothing,

unless some super-scientist comes forward with a patent protective against radio television. All the best houses will have it, I presume. At least, all the best bath-rooms. There should be a fortune in such an invention. It is just as well that Professor Low has told us fifty years in advance what to expect.

"When war comes," writes the Professor, "I shall expect poison gases in the air, submarines which throw up tanks on to the shore, destruction by electrical oscillation, and machines for rapid tunnelling beneath the earth."

When the tank comes to rest he will call out, "Any of you fellows alive?" and then count the hollow groans.

But, after all, *will* there be submarines and tanks in those days? Why should there be? If you can destroy people sitting in their rooms by pressing a button, why go to the bother and expense of building submarines, or tanks, or battle-ships, or guns, or anything else?

Here again comes in the super-scientist with his antidote. He will invent something to make our houses proof against destruction by electrical oscillation. This being accomplished, it follows that

the only people to get killed will be the people who go out of doors.

There will be no army, no navy, and no flying corps. When war is declared, the Government will call for volunteers to stay indoors. Those who respond—and I imagine the response will be magnificent, worthy of dear old England at her best—will have to take a solemn oath binding themselves to stay at home until the war is over.

The enemy will then get to work with his electrical oscillations. Just at first he will have a little success because he will bag all the conscientious objectors. There are certain to be some of those. They will say, "No! I cannot bring myself to take this oath to stay indoors! I belong to the Eustace Miles Fresh Air Brotherhood, and I have sworn to be out-of-doors not less than six hours a day, never to eat anything,

and never to wear a hat. I cannot break that sacred oath."

They will die like heroic flies. But they will be comparatively few. The rest of England will be safely indoors, communicating with each other through underground tunnels, and exhausting the enemy's electricity. The war will last about a hundred years, and will then stop because both sides will have forgotten why they began it.

All this will be very jolly.

The Professor has also hit on the solution of the overcrowding in London problem. It will be very simple. Instead of going each day to the City, you will stay at home and conduct your business from your study.

I don't wish to butt in, but, speaking personally, I hit on that solution, Professor, years and years ago.



KEEN YOUNG FOLLOWERS OF THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S: THE MISSES DIANA AND BARBARA NEELD, GRAND-DAUGHTERS OF ADMIRAL "JACKY" FISHER.

The Misses Diana and Barbara Neeld are the two daughters of Rear-Admiral Reginald Rundell Neeld, and of the Hon. Mrs. Neeld, and are grand-daughters of Admiral-of-the-Fleet Lord Fisher, first Baron. Miss Diana Neeld is sixteen, and Miss Barbara is two years younger, and they are well-known followers of the Duke of Beaufort's. Their father, Rear-Admiral R. R. Neeld, lives at Twatley Farm, Malmesbury, and is the brother and heir-presumptive of Sir Audley Dallas Neeld, C.B., M.V.O., third Baronet, of Grittleton House, Wiltshire.

Photograph by Press Illustrations, exclusive to "The Sketch."

I like the idea of submarines throwing up tanks on to the shore. The rush to serve in tanks will be greater than ever when this comes to pass. It will be so gay for the crew of the tank to be flung from the submarine to the shore. The submarine, one takes it, will not care very much where and how the tank lands. The job of the submarine commander will be to get rid of his tanks. You could hardly expect him to take careful aim with a tank. A tank is not a torpedo. A tank is a huge, clumsy, heavy thing with no nose. Tremendous force will expel it from the submarine; it will rise high in the air, and come down, for instance, on the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The rest will be left to the commander of the tank, or the senior surviving officer.

"The Sketch" Offers £100 for a Simple Poster Design. Full details of this opportunity for artists will be found on Page X of this issue.

Carpentier as a Jockey—"Georges" in a Snow Race.



FOUR OF THE STARTERS IN THE "PRIVATE" RACE AT ST. MORITZ: MISS FLANNERY (WINNER), GEORGES CARPENTIER, CAPTAIN ERIC MACKENZIE, AND MAJOR THE HON. LIONEL TENNYSON (L. TO R.).



WEIGHING-IN AT THE ST. MORITZ SKI-JÖRING AND RACING MEETING: GEORGES CARPENTIER, THE FAMOUS BOXER.

Thousands of spectators assembled for the first ski-jöring racing day, and after the various "official" races, a very amusing "private" race was organised by five visitors, including the famous boxer, Georges Carpentier. The starters were Carpentier, Miss Flannery, Captain Eric Mackenzie, Major Tommy Graves (a well-

known personality in hunting circles), and Major the Hon. Lionel Tennyson, the distinguished cricketer, and son of Lord Tennyson. The result of the visitors' "snow" race was a win for Miss Flannery, which roused great enthusiasm; Major the Hon. Lionel Tennyson being second, and Carpentier third.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."

MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY.

THE break-up of the "very young" society—beginning with the departure of Eton boys and Harrow men, and finally that of the Sandhurst and Woolwich cadets, makes life a good deal quieter for us all. In fact, it's domestic events like this which affect the London round noticeably, while important affairs like the rise and fall of Governments make no apparent

One of the prettiest girls at the dance was Lady Beauchamp's tall daughter, Lady Lettice Lygon, in her classic white débutante frock. Lady Headfort brought her son, Lord Bective, and Lady Loch had her young daughter, Maysie, with her. Men included Sir Richard Rees, Mr. Gilbert Hay, and Lord Ockham; and there were just a few young marrieds asked, including Sir Charles Cayzer and his wife, and Mr. and Lady Phyllis Allen. Although Mrs. Lindsay's daughter Rosemary is only fifteen, she is so tall, and anxious to join in grown-up festivities, that she was allowed to appear at the dance, and looked extremely well in pink taffetas trimmed with silver lace.

Now that Lord Chelmsford is going to the Admiralty, Lady Chelmsford will have to leave her present home in Eaton Square, and she tells me that she is moving into the quaint, concave-shaped Admiralty House this week.

So far she has not made any definite plans regarding entertaining, but she says she is looking forward to meeting all the wives of the Ministers as soon as she can be settled down in her new home. Meanwhile, as Lady Chelmsford is not too strong after living in India for so long, she will probably have to take her new duties as quietly as possible at first. However, she has one big interest outside political affairs at the moment, and is working hard in behalf of the urgent need of the London University Girls' Sports Ground at Perivale. I caught a glimpse of Lord Chelmsford, by the way, as I left Eaton Square, for he was driving his small two-seater car to and from the Admiralty on business bent.

Talking of moving house reminds me of Lord Carnegie and Lady Maud Carnegie, who have now definitely decided to stay in their Norfolk Street house, instead of selling it, as originally intended. It is an attractive home, and the old prints which line the staircase wall are particularly charming. Princess Maud bought the house, and partly furnished it before she married; but it is not meant for entertaining on a large scale, as the rooms are cosy rather than spacious. They all express the personality of their owner, and Lady Maud's love of crimson is shown in the carpets and other furnishings, so the effect is very pleasant and cheerful—especially in these dark, early-spring (it sounds so much nicer than winter, doesn't it?) days.

The Embassy keeps up its popularity, and when I looked in there the other Sunday I found Lady Massereene with a large party, which included Lord and Lady Ossory, the Wyndham-Quins, Lord and Lady Chaplin, Lord Kerry, and a few more. They chose a Sunday, as it is the best night for those who really want to dance, as all the other evenings are what one might call "over-popular," from the dancing point of view. However, when I dined there again a few nights later, as usual, I found everyone fox-trotting vigorously in such space as was available. Lord Claud Hamilton and General Trotter (the Prince of Wales's Military Secretary) were dining and dancing. I

always admire the splendid way the latter dances, considering that he is minus an arm. His balance is perfect, and he guides his partners admirably. Lady Drogheda was one of the party, wearing black, as she usually does. She never seems to alter, and looks much the same as she did in her Gaiety days. Perhaps her secret is that she does not follow fashion blindly where hair-dressing is concerned, but keeps to the style which really becomes her. It does show a certain strong-mindedness, I must say, to resist the shingling craze, as nearly all the smartest heads one sees about are the cropped ones.

Talking of shorn feminine heads, a friend from Paris writes me the following entertaining reflections on modern hair-dressing, which I must quote. He—for it is a man—says—"There are many ways of bobbing your hair, and each one has its name in Paris. For elderly ladies, the style which appears to be most in vogue could well be called the *Maréchal Lyautey*, for it is the distinguished Resident-General of Morocco whom matrons wishing to look active seem most to desire to resemble. Of course, the fashion was first started by Mme. Colette, the witty novelist, who has long been a familiar Parisian figure with her hair worn so; but she has never given it her name. Among the different varieties you will no doubt recognise the '*Jeanne d'Arc*,'



1. Up to the present Aunt Babsie has never been persuaded to visit Switzerland.

alteration in the habits of *ce beau monde où l'on s'amuse*. The "little dance" season this winter has been a tremendous affair. One young beau of rising sixteen told me he had had twenty-three ball invitations during the holidays, and had actually attended all but three of the dances; and the little girls have done just as well. It's an expensive affair having nursery young ladies to dress, too, these days, for their styles are just the same as ours! Beaded *ninon*, *crêpe beauté*, and *marocain* are the wear for flappers (I'm only surprised that I haven't yet seen one in *brocade* or *lamé*!): a luxurious fashion which makes half-and-half dances fairy-like pageants of youth in gala array—but has a devastating effect on parental bank-balances!

Mrs. Robert Lindsay was one of the mothers who gave a dance for boys and girls last week, and there were nearly 180 young people at her house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, on the night of her "send-off" party for her son Bob, who is at Sandhurst. Mrs. Lindsay and her elder girl, Joyce (who partnered the Prince of Wales the other night at a charity dance, I hear), were both dressed in gold, the latter's being the fur-trimmed frock she had when she was bridesmaid to Miss Audrey Meakin, not long ago. Funny how, nowadays, no one thinks it odd that a young girl and her mother should be dressed in the same colour, and both Mrs. and Miss Lindsay looked extremely well.



2. She imagined that this was the kind of thing that occurred at the Customs, and she simply could not bear to think of it.

and the *coiffure en garçon*—the latter with the hair plastered down all over the head, and brushed forward in front of the ears. The most usual term for bobbed hair in

general, however, is *coiffure à la Ninon*. It is so called—though few people could tell you so—after the famous Ninon de Lenclos, who loved often, if not always well. She is said to have been so distressed at hearing of the illness of one of her lovers that she cut off her hair and sent it to him. The fashion therefore is a symbol of feminine fidelity. You might not always think so; and certainly that would hardly be the view of the average Parisian, who disapproves of it for his wife, but admires it in—well, the other lady."

Talking of Paris reminds me that Lady Nunburnholme has returned from the French capital with her daughter, and that they are now much occupied with the arrangements for the latter's wedding to Lord Winterton. Miss Wilson and her mother were both at "The Green Goddess" with several friends the other evening, and seemed to be enjoying themselves very much. How wrapped up we all are in the stalls at the theatre now! Lord Lincolnshire kept his beaver-collared coat on the whole evening; but I was glad to see Lady Nunburnholme throw off her fur cloak and display a most attractive dress of gold crêpe lamé.

February is generally one of the premier months for important weddings, as Lent prevents many brides from arranging their "great day" during March; but this year a late Easter has meant many marriages fixed for next month. The biggest for February is the Beaumont-Pease one, which takes place at the Guards Chapel actually on Leap Year Day, so Lord Gainford's younger daughter will only have a wedding anniversary once in every four years of her married life.

March weddings include two very interesting ones fixed for the same day, for on the 27th Lord Basing marries Miss Molly Benson at Brompton Parish Church, and Miss Viola Meeking becomes Lady Apsley in St. Paul's, Knightsbridge; but, as the two churches are so near, guests asked to both might make a double event of it and hear the beginning of one and the end of the other service.

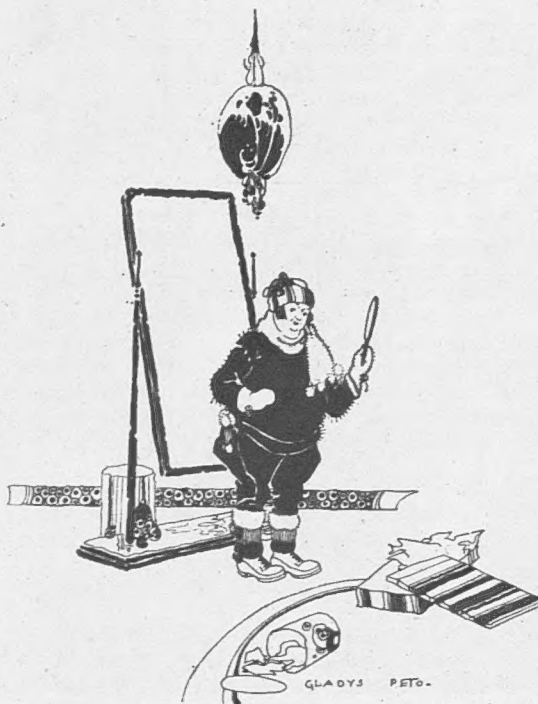
My visit to Lincolnshire was great fun, for sport with the Blankney continues to be carried on at high pressure, and big fields have lately been seen out with the pack. During the temporary absence of Colonel Vernon Willey, the popular Master, who is in America, Lord Londesborough is officiating as Field Master; and his sister, Lady Carisbrooke, has been with her mother at Blankney Hall and has enjoyed several top-hole gallops.

The Hunt Ball at Lincoln was a great success. Most of the county families were represented, and many came from over the border. I liked the gay floral decorations of daffodils, rich-coloured cineraria, hyacinths, and tulips, interspersed with trophies of the chase. The after-the-ball meet on the Saturday brought out a huge crowd, and there was some very good sport. The cream of the day was contained in a brilliant thirty-five minutes with a late evening fox from Welbourn hill-top and a kill in the open at Gorse Hill. Everyone went home delighted, many people carrying tufts of grass on the buttons of their coat-tails and maps of the country printed on their backs!

The Stock Exchange Dramatic Society dinner and dance was great fun last week at the Connaught Rooms; and Mr. Louis N. Parker, the guest of honour, threw well-deserved bouquets to the company of clever amateur actors and actresses who entertained him. He has given his

unproduced play depicting scenes in old Venice to the Society, and announced that he intends to work with them to present it in April. The drama is one which the late Sir George Alexander had meant to produce, and it is a real compliment to the Stock Exchange Society that Mr. Parker has handed it over to them.

Other news? A letter from St. Jean de Luz tells me that the happy people who are



3. But this year the sports clothes are so alluring she cannot bear not to go.

there are basking in warm sunshine and ending each glorious day with a magnificent sunset. General Sir "Dick" Stuart Wortley is there with his wife and daughter, Miss Margery Susan, and so are Lord Glasgow, Lady Dimsdale, and Sir Edward and Lady Fraser. The golf hotel has dances every Friday; but, as young men are at a premium in this winter resort, the old bald-headed dance enthusiasts are having the time of their lives and renewing their youth in glorious style.



4. So she starts upon the perilous journey, and finds that the Customs formalities consist of a benign-looking gentleman marching down the corridor vaguely murmuring, "Anything to declare?"

Of course, I went to the new plays of the week. First, the farce at the Strand Theatre, in which Mr. Baskcomb, who used to be the most effectively ineffectual of Slightly's in

"Peter Pan," is so amusing as The Daredevil.

The play isn't of much note, but it has its funny moments. One is the opening of the second scene, when the inhabitants of a boarding-house are discovered listening-in, and each looking foolish in his own particular way. I thought how illuminating it would be if we could try a few experiments in the way of removing the game while retaining our characteristic expression! Think of the bridge wrinkles and furrowed brows without the cards; or the see-sawing eyes of ping-pong spectators without the dancing white ball; or the wrenched jaw of the average golfer when he hadn't a ball to hit!

I don't suppose Faith Celli *could* make herself look dowdy, when she is so slender and pretty; but until I heard her say, as the heroine in "The Eternal Spring," at the Royalty Theatre, that she was a dowdy person I hadn't once suspected it. I thought she was playing the smartest type of modern girlhood. The funny thing was that, when a sympathetic friend smartened her up—as sympathetic friends on the stage have a trick of doing!—by turning down her collar and fluffing out her hair, she really was further from the mode of the moment than when she was supposed to be a frump!

There was so much smartening up in this play, or talk of it, that I began to wonder whether the poet really meant to end up with the word "Clothes" when he wrote "In the spring a young man's fancy"! Even the stage interior was treated to new blue curtains and cushions and chintz covers between the acts. Lilian Braithwaite, who on the stage looks so much like herself when she isn't looking like her own daughter, wore a monocle to indicate that she was playing a character part. But it didn't really make any difference. She wasn't so clever in its management, I thought, as were some of the monocled young women sitting in the stalls.

Lady Headfort—such a persistent first-nighter—was at this *première*, wearing an ermine cloak. Mrs. Henry McLaren also wore the same enviable fur; but Miss Marie Löhr had discarded her favourite ermine, and had wrapped herself in a lovely long cloak of sable. Lady Pollock, with her daughter Betty, Mrs. McKenna, and Lady Marjoribanks were also there.

Then there was the new musical comedy, "The Three Graces," at the Empire—I fear me that the translators had got badly mixed in their mythology!—with its pretty Lehar music and gorgeous frocks for the chorus. They are winter-sports clothes in one scene as far as colour and design are concerned, but done in soft velvets and silks with trimmings of fur and feathers. Is this the first time a male chorus has appeared in Fair Isle sweaters, I wonder? After their brilliance it was rather a surprise to find the hero, Mr. Thorpe Bates, arriving in a most unromantic grey business suit to play "opposite" (as we say now we can all talk film-studio slang) Miss Winifred Barnes in ermine and white georgette.

The Thirty Guinea Show of pictures at the Beaux Arts Gallery has been such a success that it is being continued with a new batch. One of them is a portrait of Lady Orpen by her husband. I wonder how she likes being put among the bargains! But, after all, it can't feel so bad as Lady Lavery's being refused by the Tate.

Pictures of Lady Orpen aren't so rare as you might think, for her father was an associate of Rossetti, and as a golden-haired little girl she sat for some of his paintings.

MARIEGOLD.

Hamlet in Tweeds, and Two Brides-Elect.

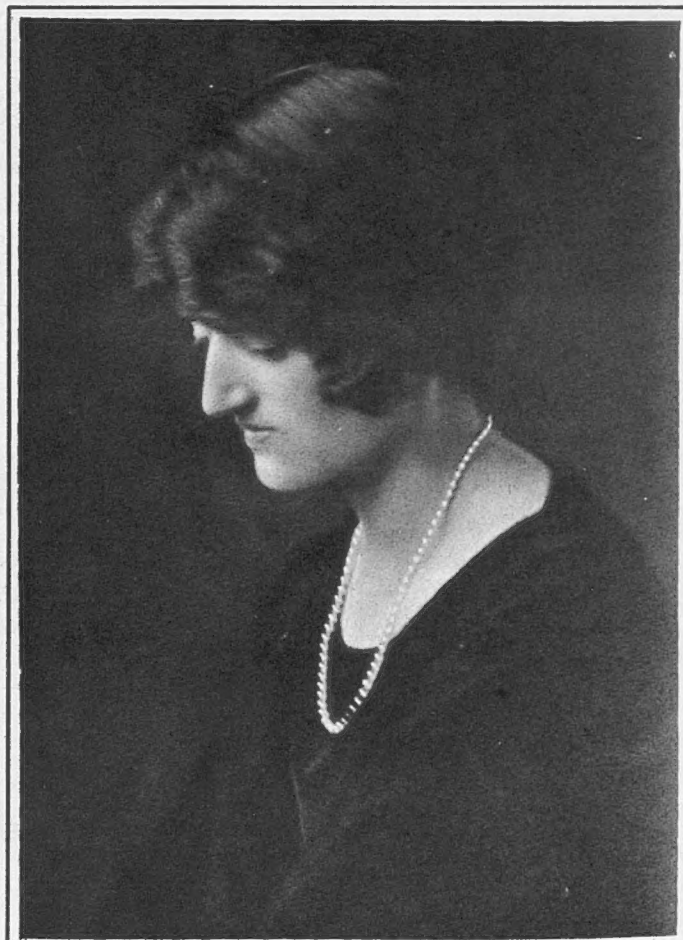


HAMLET'S FATHER "POISONED" BY WHISKY: THE O.U.D.S. REHEARSE "HAMLET" IN THE CLUB DINING-ROOM; WITH MR. J. B. FAGAN, THE PRODUCER (ON THE RIGHT, AT THE BACK).



ENGAGED TO THE HON. THOMAS CHOLMONDELEY: MISS PHYLLIS SCOTT.

Our photograph of the Oxford University Dramatic Society rehearsing for their forthcoming production of "Hamlet" shows a bottle of whisky being pressed into service as the "property" poison for the Players. Mr. Gyles Isham (Hamlet), Mr. V. Whitaker (the King), Mr. Gerald Gardiner (Horatio), Mr. E. D. Hawksley (Guildenstern), Mr. C. Bellamy (Rozencrantz), and Mr. R. W. Speaight (Player King),



ENGAGED TO CAPT. J. B. P. FITZGERALD: LADY MOYRA DAWSON-DAMER.

are shown.—Miss Phyllis Scott, who is engaged to the Hon. Thomas Cholmondeley, only son of Lord Delamere, is the eldest daughter of Lord George Scott and Lady Elizabeth Scott.—Lady Moyra Dawson-Damer is the youngest daughter of the late Earl of Portarlington. Captain James Brinsley Petter Fitzgerald (The Royals), her fiancé, is the eldest son of Mr. Peter Fitzgerald.

Photographs by Hills and Saunders, Yevonde, and Malcolm Arbuthnot.

The Latest Musical "Discovery": A New Operatic Star.



One of the musical events of last week was the début of Miss Blanche Scandina, the new operatic star, who was heard for the first time on any stage in the exacting part of the Queen of the Night in "The Magic Flute," at Covent Garden. Miss Scandina, who is American by birth, had her musical education in France, and her performance in the British National Opera Company's matinée of

"The Magic Flute" was actually her stage début. Miss Scandina is quite self-possessed, and showed complete control of her voice, particularly in the second song, when the coloratura passages were very intelligently phrased and neatly finished. Her voice is absolutely true and pure in quality, and she is undoubtedly a new star in the operatic firmament.

TOWN, COUNTRY, AND THE CÔTE D'AZUR:



Competitors
at the Gallia
Club tournament:
Miss Petchell &
Mr. I. O. White



Best man
at the
wedding: The Earl of
Ossory, and his
Countess



At a meet of the Heythrop:
the hon. Mrs. Heyworth and
Mrs. Heyworth Savage.



At Petworth:
Mrs. Joyce Podmore, Miss Clara
Podmore, Miss Nelson & Miss
Podmore



At Cannes: Mrs. Joliffe, Mrs. Grogan,
Mrs. Howard, Lady Kavanagh & Mrs. Platt.



After the ceremony at Sunninghill church:
Lord Arthur Butler & his bride, Miss Carlos Clarke.

COURSING, HUNTING, LAWN-TENNIS, POLO, AND A BEAUTIFUL

The Sussex County Club's meeting at Petworth was attended by many well-known people, including those shown in our photographs.—The Duchess of Beaufort is the wife of the Duke of Beaufort, and goes out regularly with her husband's pack. Her only son, the Marquess of Worcester, hunts his father's pack. Lady Worcester was formerly Lady Mary Cambridge, and is a niece of the Queen.—The marriage of Lord Arthur Butler, M.C., younger son of the Marquess of Ormonde, to Miss Jessie Carlos Clarke was celebrated at Sunninghill Church. Lord Ossory acted as best man to his brother.—Our group containing the Hon. Mrs. David Leslie-Melville, Lady Rodney and friends, was taken at the

SPORT, SOCIETY, AND A WEDDING OF NOTE.



Coursing at Petworth:
Cap. Fawcett, Mrs. Harrop,
Miss R. Fawcett, Mrs. S. M. Denness,
Mr. H. Groom & Mr. G. W. Beer
(seated)



With the Heythrop Captain & Mrs. Rushton.



Members of
the Committee of the Rockwood Hunt Ball:
Mrs. E. Senior, Miss Lumb, Miss linker, & Miss Watkinson.



With the Beaufort: The Duchess of Beaufort
and her daughter-in-law, the Marchioness
of Worcester.



On the Riviera: Miss Sheila Locke, the hon. Mrs. David Leslie Melville,
Lady Rodney and Miss Gilroy.

BRIDE: A PICTORIAL RECORD FROM NEAR AND FAR

Polo Club at Mandelieu. Mrs. David Leslie-Melville is the wife of the well-known polo-player, and brother of Lord Leven and Melville.—The Hon. Mrs. Heyworth is the elder daughter of Lord Tweedmouth. Her marriage to Captain R. F. Heyworth took place last year.—A large number of spectators watched the Gallia Club Lawn-Tennis Tournament at Cannes. Mr. I. S. White and Miss Petchell were defeated in the mixed doubles by Mlle. Lenglen and "Philathlete" (Colonel Mayes).—The Rockwood Hunt Ball, held at Huddersfield recently, was a very successful function.—[Photographs by S. and G., L.N.A., Alferi, and I.B.]



WAITING FOR THE "HANDLER" TO ORDER ATTACK: AN ALSATIAN HOLDING UP THE "CRIMINAL" IN HIS PROTECTIVE SUIT.



MISS VERRELL, SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER, MRS. PICKETT, AND MR. PICKETT, OWNER OF THE EXCELLENT HEXEVOM.



WITH MR. L. DE PINTO'S THOR OF COLEHERNE: MRS. BRIGGS BURY (LEFT), AND MISS BONHAM.

France, Germany, and Belgium have long employed the Alsatian wolf-hound for watch, ward, and detective purposes; but trials at the Crystal Palace were the first for working Alsatis in England. The gathering consisted of members of the Alsatian Sheep, Police, and Army dog societies, and the animals were tested in holding up a "criminal," tracking him

Canine Detectives and the "Criminal": Working Alsatian Trials.



COLONEL WYNDHAM, LADY VALDA MACHELL, LADY HELENA GLEICHEN, O.B.E., AND MISS CLUTTERBUCK (L. TO R.).



RECEIVING THE SCENT: A COMPETITOR AND MISS HOROWITZ.

down, and attacking at the signal given by the "handler," as the man who controls each dog is called. It is remarkable, considering that the movement in this country is still in the pioneer stage, that the English-trained Hexevom, belonging to Mr. Pickett, won the much-prized "Excellent" for her performance.—[Photographs by S. and G.]

Killed Within Sight of Peace.



THE LAST BIRD.

This wonderful photograph won the Advanced Workers' Prize Competition in the "Amateur Photographer," and is a remarkable example of modern camera artistry.

From the Photograph by H. J. Campbell.



The Clubman. By Beveren.

The Empire Again.

G. W. Steevens, one of the outstanding men brought before the big newspaper-reading public by the late Lord Northcliffe, used to love to lean over the barrier on the promenade at the Empire, watching the kaleidoscopic ballet scenes on the stage below. Many well-known men—men of intellectual attainments—have a place in their middle-aged memories for the famous variety theatre in Leicester Square, which was, indeed, at one time a club in the sense that it was there you were most likely to meet men you had met in some out-of-the-way parts of the world.

Musical comedy again reigns at the Empire. The music which Franz Lehar, the composer of "The Merry Widow," has written for "The Three Graces" is graceful and tuneful; the dresses and the scenery are up to a high artistic level; and though the humour on the opening night was rather bucolic, "The Three Graces" may do something towards reviving the ancient glories of the house.

And how the men about town rolled up for the occasion. The big bar on the ground floor became during the intervals a jolly, talking, squashed throng of men who all knew each other; men in the Services, in sport, in art, and in Throgmorton Street. And all the newest stories and all the latest bits of gossip were being laughed over.

The Barmaids. One is glad to note, too, that the Empire still retains some of the barmaids of the type that made the West End famous twenty years gone by; solid, handsome, good-tempered women, who could give sound advice and counsel to those of the *jeunesse dorée* who needed it.

I heard one young man, in the crush of the opening night of "The Three Graces," ask for two brandies - and - sodas — "In dry glasses, too," he added, with challenging cheerfulness. This was something of an allusion to the rush to the bar; the clean glasses had to be hurried up almost before they were dry.

The lady behind the bar smiled, took the request in the joking spirit in which it was meant, and passed it on.

It was at this bar that I once saw the late Frank Otter—"last of the three-bottle men," as George Graves described him—during the Empire revue, "Watch Your Step," being interviewed by his tailor, a man from Bury St. Edmunds, who had brought up a bag, and was trying to persuade him to try on a new suit of clothes.

The measurements had been taken a fortnight or so before in the restaurant of the Queen's Hotel—Frank Otter was a man who was not worried by self-consciousness. But it took weeks for the tailor to persuade him to submit to the trying-on process.

Norman McKinnel's Scotch Story.

The artist of one of the illustrated papers went to the Queen's Theatre to make some caricatures of the company who are playing in "The Little Minister." One of the players, who hails from Glasgow, was anxious to buy the paper in which the caricatures would appear. Mr. Norman McKinnel tells this story.

"He asked me," said Mr. McKinnel, "is it a dear paper?"



THE ENGAGEMENT OF THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE BULGARIAN MINISTER: Mlle. HÉLÈNE STANCIOFF, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. FELIX GUÉPIN.

Mlle. Hélène Stancioff is the youngest daughter of the Bulgarian Minister in London, and of Mme. Stancioff (*née* Comtesse de Grenaud), and is the sister of the first woman to hold a diplomatic appointment, as it will be remembered that Mlle. Nadjeda Stancioff was appointed First Secretary of the Bulgarian Legation in Washington. The engagement of Mlle. Hélène Stancioff to Mr. Felix Guépin, son of Commander Guépin, of the Dutch Navy, has been announced.

Photograph by Vandyk.

"It costs one shilling," I replied
"Ah," said he, "I suppose I could not go to a public library and tear out the leaf?"

A Craze for Pennies.
of the 'sixties.

One of the minor interests of the moment is that of trying to get hold of pennies. There appear to be plenty

of the years 1861, 1862, 1863, and 1865; but the 1864 pennies are scarce.

It is said that gold was dropped in the Mint when some of the 1864 pennies were being made. I don't know if that is a true story, although I have heard of people ready to give up to two shillings for pennies dated 1864.

A Master of Make-Up.

Mr. Dennis Eadie in the latest play at the Royalty has become a man of forty-two; a little elderly in the make-up, one thinks, for the modern consciously youthful man of forty-two. Until he played the hero in "The Man Who Stayed At Home," Mr. Eadie rarely played young-men types. They gave him so little scope for make-up, and always he has been a master of make-up.

I remember talking to him when he was studying his part of Disraeli. He told me he was taking as his model the well-remembered photograph showing Disraeli sitting down, wearing the famous black velvet jacket. He was not anxious to make the resemblance too realistic. He started by reading Moneypenny's "Life," but found that most of the personal details referred to the statesman's earlier career. And Mr. Louis Parker's play dealt with Disraeli at the height of his career.

I remember that, as I came away, Mr. Dennis Eadie's dresser was folding up the suit of pyjamas Mr. Eadie wore in the last scene of "The Man Who Stayed At Home." "The piece has run so long, you must have worn out many suits of pyjamas?" I said. "As a matter of fact," replied Mr. Eadie, "these are the ones I used on the opening night. But I can tell you one thing. They can be sent to a laundry after the night's performance and be back in time for the next afternoon's *matinée*. That's quick enough, isn't it?"

The President's Humour.

Some of the new members of the staff at the American Embassy are bringing over stories of the new President, Mr. Calvin Coolidge. Mr. Coolidge is saving of words. He also appears to have acquired decisive habits early in life.

When he was a law student, someone called at the office where he worked to find out if the body of a man found dead in the village could be removed before it was viewed by a medical examiner. Neither member of the firm was in, so the opinion of young Coolidge was sought. His reply in full was, "Can remove body." He supplied

no explanatory additions, but his opinion proved sound.

Mr. Coolidge was asked recently if he took much part in athletics when he was at college. "Some," was his typically brief reply.

"What game did you play?"
"Mostly I held the stakes."

Sporting Sisters and Their Constant Companions.



WITH TOR AND SMILER : MRS. LESTER REID AND MRS. MUSGRAVE HALL.

Mrs. Lester Reid and Mrs. Musgrave Hall are the daughters of the late Mr. Fergus Fergusson, and are very well known in Society. They are both keen sportswomen and hunt regularly: Mrs. Lester Reid with the Grafton and the Bicester; and Mrs. Hall with the Blankney. Mrs. Reid is the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Lester Reid,

late Irish Guards, and she and her husband entertain a good deal at Thorpe Mandeville Manor, Banbury. Tor, the beautiful Norwegian Elk-hound who is shown with her in our photograph, has won many prizes; while Mrs. Hall's Smiler is a very good specimen of the fashionable Blue Bedlington.

Photograph by Vandyk.



Ripples from the Riviera: All That's New Under the Sun.

By MARTHE TROLY CURTIN, Author of "Phrynette and London," and "Phrynette Married."

HOW contentedly lazy the sun makes one feel. The brilliance of Monte Carlo weather insures that happy lethargy which is the very essence of a holiday, for people who pack their energy in their portmanteau might as well bring their business with them! Another source of laziness is that besides the sun there is the electric light at night. No one sleeps enough on the Riviera, especially at Monte Carlo; and yet, in spite of these circumstances, some lively people manage to work as hard as ever. V. Blasco Ibanez has just finished yet another sensational novel, "La Tentatrice" ("The Temptress"): I must see the film when it appears in London, for of course it will be filmed (if it is not already done!). The story of woman the vampire is not a very pretty one. Curious, isn't it, that all those Ibanezque tales of woe, war and violence should be evolved in the peaceful flower-filled retreat at Menton-Garavan which the author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" has chosen for his home!

Romantic flappers, who, through a subconscious association of ideas, mentally picture Blasco Ibanez somewhat after the image of his handsome screen hero—the suave, slim, statuesque, sartorially unimpeachable Rodolph Valentino—would probably be disappointed. For Blasco Ibanez is more suggestive of force than of elegance; with his black hair, black eyes, black moustache, his sonorous voice, and restless, eloquent hands, he strongly recalls the portrait and description of Balzac.

Another master of romance who does not let either the climate or the Carlton slow down his prolific output is E. Phillips Oppenheim. I say the Carlton, because it seems the favourite dancing-floor of the famous novelist. With a white carnation in his button-hole, and a smile of beatitude on his humorous face, he "blues" it nightly with the brightest of them! Mrs. Phillips Oppenheim is also very keen on dancing, and looks a very distinguished figure with her silvery hair and always in the latest Paris frock.

Monte Carlo is already very full: so our eyes and the *Liste des Étrangers* tell us. For me it will be somewhat empty until Someone-who-matters decides to desert London! To encourage stay-at-homes, understand that the season has started: if you were snobs that would decide you at once! As a matter of fact, the Riviera season starts (for sensible people) with the London fogs. End of September till end of May is the rational hibernating period; but Fashion makes fools of us all, and so the recognised best (by best, read smartest) time to be on the Azure Coast is from the end of January, whatever the thermometer may be telling in London or Paris. Who minds freezing as long as one is in the fashion?

And so, from now till the end of the Carnival, the Blue Train daily disgorges

its full quota of passengers, from Cannes to Vintimille.

Speaking of Cannes, you remember how fond people were of comparing the patriarchal, idyllic life with the fastness of Monte Carlo? Well, we French now call Cannes "Deauville Deux" (Deauville the Second). Shows you it must be somewhat rapid! Of course, the "nice" English families, with their "nice" growing daughters, still have their "nice" villas, wherein they spend a "nice" and refined and thrill-less existence; but the atmosphere has greatly changed. It is no longer in Monte Carlo that you see the latest delirium in millinerial lunacy, or the 'cutest complexions—it's in Cannes. Hair is shingled much closer to the nape of the neck there than anywhere else; in fact, I am expecting to see the *mondaines* (and especially the *demi-mondaines*), coiffured *à la* convict soon! In Cannes, the pearls are worn much larger and much tighter around the

their sense of dramatic criticism is too highly developed!

A difference between Monte Carlo and Cannes is that, whereas Monte Carlo entertains out in hotels and restaurants, Cannes receives "at home." The Duc and Duchesse de Vendôme have given at the Château Saint Michel several entertainments where some good music was enjoyed. The American Ambassador, Mr. Brand Whitlock, and Mrs. Brand Whitlock, Lord and Lady Cheylesmore, Lady Orr Lewis, Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield, and Lady Coats were among the English guests.

You'll be glad to hear, I feel sure, that the famous Suzanne, who had not been feeling her old self lately, has recovered enough to resume playing at the Gallia Courts. She was missed at the tournaments of the Carlton Tennis Club. It was a brilliant rendezvous: the Duchesse de Vendôme, the Princesse Philippe de Bourbon, the Duc de Nemours, the Prince and Princess Saïd Halim of Egypt, the Rancee of Pudukota, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, Lord and Lady Ednam, Lady Wavertree, and many other distinguished visitors of the Riviera were keenly interested in the game.

There was a discussion going on over breakfast (4.30) at the Trianon the other morning, between an Englishman and a French girl, as to the correct pronunciation of the name "Lenglen." The Englishman pronounced it "Lenglong" (*à la Française*); the French girl insisted upon sounding it "Lenglenne" (*à l'Anglaise*!); and both appealed to me. I made them both happy by telling them that no one in the know calls the Star of the Court anything else but Suzanne—there is only one Suzanne, as there was once only one Sarah!

Where Monte Carlo holds more than its own with any other place along the coast is in the dancing. It is on a very high level here. Your favourite exhibition couple, Marjorie Moss and Georges Fontana, are

at the Ambassadeurs, displaying daily and nightly to a crammed audience their grace and her wonderful frocks.

I'll tell you more about the other dancing people and dancing places in my next letter. I want this to catch the post. Why should it take three days for a letter to travel from Monte to London? I think the post should have its Blue Train too!

And one more point. You are quite mistaken if you think living on the Riviera cheaper than last year, not even with the exchange as it is—probably because of the exchange. If the franc goes down, the tariff goes up, that's all. And once the pound becomes francs—money melts! As regards shopping, those of us in the know make one or two expeditions a week to Nice, which is splendidly stocked and less expensive than Monte Carlo, where everything is *de luxe*. The journey takes only half-an-hour, in most comfortable cars; and what a wonderful road, with the sea and the fear of death at every corner!



LAWN-TENNIS EXPERTS AT CANNES: MRS. F. J. GOULD, Mlle. SUZANNE LENGLEN, Mlle. MALLET, AND MISS RYAN (L. TO R.).

The famous Suzanne and Miss Ryan won the ladies' doubles in the Gallia Club Tournament at Cannes, defeating Mrs. Coyell and Mrs. Shepherd Barron in the final. An "incident" took place when Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen refused to agree with the linesman's verdict that she had foot-faulted. The matter was taken up with the referee of the tournament, and the linesman finally resigned and was replaced by another, when the game proceeded.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

neck than in any other town on the Riviera. Now if those details don't help you to conjure up the feminine influence behind Deauville Deux, I despair of your imagination!

Once upon a time, Cannes was an English town, now it is becoming ultra-French; and as the two elements have not yet amalgamated, the contrast is amusing. To make things more lively still, Cannes has had its little traffic war too. You must not imagine you are the only ones over there in England to enjoy transport strikes! The tramway employees here are not satisfied with things as they are. Dissatisfaction is the source of progress, it is said—but that's just what visitors to the Casino, who have been deprived of their midnight tram service, deny. For them, there is no progress, unless afoot, or by hiring a car! The employees are asking for a special payment of twelve francs each, with the right of entry to the Casino Municipal. They now enjoy an indemnity of eight francs fifty centimes, with free admission to the theatre. But they are not satisfied; perhaps

A Novelist and Her Gallant and Hon. Husband at Home.



THE AUTHOR OF "JANE—OUR STRANGER":
MRS. SPEARS.



IN THE DRAWING-ROOM OF THEIR LONDON HOME: BRIGADIER-GENERAL
E. L. SPEARS, C.B., C.B.E., M.C., M.P., AND MRS. SPEARS.



THE DRAWING-ROOM
AT 8, LITTLE
COLLEGE STREET:
A BEAUTIFUL ROOM
IN MRS. SPEARS'
LUTYENS HOUSE.

Mrs. Spears is the wife of Brigadier-General E. L. Spears, and was formerly Miss Mary Borden. Her latest novel, "Jane—Our Stranger," is one of the books which everyone is reading.—Brigadier-General Spears is one of the Liberals who announced that he would refuse to follow the majority of Liberals and vote for the No-Confidence Amendment.



SHOWING THE FLOOR OF POLISHED STEEL: THE DINING-ROOM IN GENERAL AND MRS. SPEARS'
LUTYENS HOUSE.

A Novice in Switzerland.

From Mürren to Pontresina.

Anyone with a love of beautiful scenery must enjoy the journey from Mürren, in the Bernese Oberland, to the Engadine, even though, doing it in one day, the journey is a bit long and tiring, and there are many changes. There is an excellent restaurant car on the train between Berne and Zurich, or you can lunch at Zurich if you like. Starting off again, we pass for miles alongside the beautiful lakes of Zurich, and soon the sun begins to set in a blaze of colour on the mountain tops, throwing reflections in the dark, still water. After all this coloured beauty, we change on to the mountain railway at Chur, and the rest of the journey is, perhaps, most wonderful of all: moonlight effects on snow-covered mountains and valleys, and down below villages with glittering lights in the windows; all so bewilderingly beautiful that no artist could hope ever to paint it.



THE CHILD WONDER ON THE ICE-RINK AT ST. MORITZ: MISS SONYA HENIE.

Miss Sonya Henie is the wonderful amateur child skater who has been creating such a sensation in Switzerland this year. She recently gave a display at the Ice Stadium, in St. Moritz, which was attended by many spectators, and she subsequently went to Chamonix to compete with grown-ups. Miss Henie was born in Christiania, and is only eleven years of age. Last year, in Christiania, she swept the board in the prize line, and certainly has the makings of a world champion.—[Photograph by Edward E. Long, C.B.E.]

Switzerland is wonderful by day, but at night it defies description. Ro-mantic, as our American friends say, is hardly the word, though it comes pretty near it. Pontresina is now about the most fashionable and popular of all the places in the Engadine. It's about four miles from St. Moritz; just a nice drive or ride (if you want to go there to see the latest fashions from Paris!). The village of Pontresina is rather charming. The old houses are Italian in style, and have lovely old doors, and windows with fascinating antique iron grilles outside. Of course, the new huge hotels are not very beautiful outside, though there is nothing lacking in comfort and luxury inside. The Schloss is very imposing, especially from the valley. It is built with turrets, and really succeeds in looking quite a castle; and as there are ten storeys, there's plenty of room inside.

On the Nursery Slopes.

After Mürren, it seems a lot colder here, though the sun is glorious every day so far; and, my! you can keep hot-enough

taking lessons in the elusive art of ski-ing. Men seem to learn quickest—they are more physically suitable, I suppose. Very first person I ran into on the Nursery Slopes, slipping and sliding about with great energy, was a well-known Melton-ite, "Tommy" Graves, and a party of friends. He says he quite agrees with me, that riding even a three-year-old across Leicestershire is a safe form of amusement compared with learning to ski. Simply maddens you, that it does, and eggs you on to fresh efforts, seeing the experts come flying down the mountain-sides, jumping the road, missing you by inches, and then stopping easily on a steep slope, as "comfy" as can be, with one of their "stunt" turns; while you nearly fall flat down with merely looking on! They are really very lucky here in having Mr. Vivian Caulfield, an old Etonian, as English instructor. He is one of the greatest ski experts living; and if you can't learn with his lessons—well, 'fraid your case is bad. Some people go in for ski-joring—being pulled along by reins from a horse ahead. I can't say it looks attractive or dignified.

The Skating Experts.

Dr. E. H. Lemon is in charge of the skating here: a fine judge of English skating and does not, like some of the "Old Guard" of English skating, despise the International style.

Our distinguished K.C., Sir John Simon, has been skating here, and successfully passed his N.S.A. test. Other good skaters include Mr. W. W. Lowe, Colonel Bowdler, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Kenneth Swan. Ice-hockey has "gone strong" this year, owing to the presence of four Newfoundlanders, and Pontresina has not lost a single match this year. Dr. Young, well known in the curling world, looks after this form of sport, and has amongst his flock the late Head of Eton, the Hon. and Rev. E. Lyttelton, and General Sir Aylmer Haldane. A very great personality at Pontresina, whom it is a privilege to meet, is Dame Katharine Furse, G.B.E., whom everyone must remember as chief of the "Wrens." She is the only woman who has ever held rank equivalent to that of a British Admiral, I believe. She was, of course, the model for her late husband's great picture, "Diana of the Up-lands."

Dame Katharine is one of the two women (the other is Mrs. Arnold Lunn) who have the gold medal for ski-runners—and this after only three years' ski-ing. She is doing splendid work here, looking after the ski-ers, from novices to first-class

runners, arranging runs, tests, etc. Under her charge, eighty-seven went in for elementary tests one day, many getting through; which was enough to show the enthusiasm of her pupils. From one of the expeditions for which

Pontresina is famous, the A. P. C. Grum, you get a peep into Italy, and in another direction you go east to Zueg, on a longer expedition—"where a man can raise a thirst," as Kipling remarked of a place with much the same-sounding name.

Fancy-Dress Prize-Winners.

There is, of course, dancing nightly here. We had a very good show at the fancy-dress ball. Miss Caulfield won first for ladies' "home-mades"—she was most attractive as an Early Victorian. Sir Charles

Dobell won first in men's "home-mades"—as a "Little Visitor." Mrs. Cathcart as a Mohammedan lady was first, in bought costumes. General Sir Aylmer Haldane, in this class, won the men's prize in a perfect Kurdish dress. The children were quite adorable. Little Diana Van der Berg won the girls' prize as an Irish colleen; and Fane Agabeck the boys' as Robin Hood. Mrs. Van der Berg looked ripping as a Grenadier (Georgian), but, having won two weeks ago, was ineligible this time.

Amongst visitors at the Schloss we have one of the heroes of Zeebrugge, Captain Carpenter, V.C., and his very pretty daughter. Lord and Lady Farnham (whose house in Ireland was burnt) and their family have just left. New arrivals include Lord Weymouth and his lovely sister, Lady Mary Thynne, and a party.

Other visitors at Pontresina are Sir Frederick and Lady Keeble (Lillah McCarthy that was) Lady Victoria de Trafford and her daughter; Major Walsher, M.C.; Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Spence; and two ex-Cabinet Ministers—the late First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Amery, and his wife and family; and Sir John Baird, late Commissioner of Works; and last, but not least, Sir John Simon, who seems to have thoroughly enjoyed his holiday, and did so well skating.



AN EXPERT SKI-RUNNER OF NINE: MASTER PETER LUNN.

Master Peter Lunn is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Lunn, and the grandson of Sir Henry Lunn. He is an expert winter-sporter, and is shown at Mürren, doing a difficult turn.



DAUGHTER OF THE ZEEBRUGGE V.C.: MISS IRIS CARPENTER.

Miss Iris Carpenter is the only daughter of Captain Alfred Carpenter, V.C., R.N., the famous commander of the "Vindictive" at Zeebrugge, in April 1918. He was decorated with the V.C. for his gallantry on this occasion, and received the Croix de Guerre avec Palme, and was made an officer of the Legion of Honour. Miss Carpenter has been in Switzerland with her distinguished father.

A Family Study.



WITH THE HON. MICHAEL THE HON. JOAN, AND THE
HON. ELIZABETH ISAACS: VISCOUNTESS ERLEIGH.

Viscountess Erleigh is the wife of Viscount Erleigh, M.C., only son of the Earl of Reading, P.C., G.C.B., G.M.S.I., etc., who has been Viceroy of India since 1921. She is the eldest daughter of Sir Alfred Mond, was married in 1914, and has one son, the Hon. Michael Alfred Rufus Isaacs,

born in 1916; and two daughters, the Hon. Joan Isaacs, born in 1918, and the Hon. Elizabeth Isaacs, who is three years younger. The three children are shown with her in our portrait study. Lord and Lady Erleigh have a house in Rutland Gate, where they entertain a good deal.

Portrait Study by Marcus Adams, The Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street, W.

THE MAN WHO WAS NUMBER FOUR.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF M. POIROT.

By AGATHA CHRISTIE, Author of "The Grey Cells of M. Poirot," "The Mysterious Affair at Styles," "The Murder on the Links," etc.

No. VI.—THE YELLOW JASMINE MYSTERY.

"AND what exactly is your opinion of the Yellow Jasmine Mystery?"

I did not reply at once to Poirot's question. I felt the need of going warily. We were alone in our compartment, whirling away from the dirt and smoke of London into the clean, peaceful country, bound for the little town of Market Handford in Worcestershire—the seat of the mystery.

That it must present unusual characters was certain, since it had actually tempted Poirot to abandon momentarily his investigations into the doings of the Big Four. It was the first outside case he had shown any interest in for months.

"It all seems so complicated," I said cautiously.

"Does it not?" said Poirot delightedly.

"I suppose our rushing off like this is a pretty clear sign that you consider Mr. Paynter's death to be murder—not suicide, or the result of accident?"

"No, no; you misunderstand me, Hastings. Granting that Mr. Paynter died as the result of a particularly terrible accident, there are still a number of mysterious circumstances to be explained."

"That was what I meant when I said it was all so complicated."

"Let us go over all the main facts quietly and methodically. Recount them to me, Hastings, in an orderly and lucid fashion."

I started forthwith, endeavouring to be as orderly and lucid as I could.

"We start," I said, "with Mr. Paynter. A man of fifty-five, rich, cultured, and somewhat of a globe-trotter. For the last twelve years he has been little in England; but suddenly, tiring of incessant travelling, he bought a small place in Worcestershire, near Market Handford, and prepared to settle down. His first action was to write to his only relative—a nephew, Gerald Paynter, the son of his younger brother—and to suggest to him that he should come and make his home at Croftlands (as the place is called) with his uncle. Gerald Paynter, who is an impecunious young artist, was glad enough to fall in with the arrangement, and had been living with his uncle for about seven months when the tragedy occurred."

"Your narrative style is masterly," murmured Poirot. "I say to myself, 'It is a book that talks, not my friend Hastings.'"

Paying no attention to Poirot, I went on, warming to the story.

"Mr. Paynter kept a fair staff at Croftlands—six servants, as well as his own Chinese body-servant—Ah Ling."

"His Chinese servant, Ah Ling," murmured Poirot.

"On Tuesday last, Mr. Paynter complained of feeling unwell after dinner, and one of the servants was despatched to fetch the doctor. Mr. Paynter received him in his study, having refused to go to bed. What passed between them was not then known; but before Doctor Quentin left, he asked to see the housekeeper, and mentioned that he had given Mr. Paynter a hypodermic injection, as his heart was in a very weak state, recommending that he should not be disturbed, and then proceeded to ask some rather curious questions about the servants—how long they had been there, from whom they had come, etc.

"The housekeeper answered these questions as best she could, but was rather puzzled as to their purport. A terrible discovery was made on the following morning. One of the housemaids, on descending, was met by a sickening odour of burned flesh which seemed to come from her master's study. She tried the door, but it was locked on the inside. With the assistance of Gerald Paynter and the Chinaman, that was soon broken in, but a terrible sight greeted them. Mr. Paynter had fallen forward into the gas-fire, and his face and head were charred beyond recognition."

"Of course, at the moment, no suspicion was aroused as to its being anything but a ghastly accident. If blame attached to anyone, it was to Dr. Quentin for giving his patient a narcotic and leaving him in such a dangerous position. And then rather a curious discovery was made."

"There was a newspaper on the floor, lying where it had slipped from the old man's knees. On turning it over, words were found to be scrawled across it, feebly traced in ink. A writing-table stood close to the chair in which Mr. Paynter had been sitting, and the forefinger of the victim's right hand was ink-stained up to the second joint. It was clear that, too weak to hold a pen, Mr. Paynter had dipped his finger in the ink-pot and managed to scrawl these two words across the surface of the newspaper he held—but the words themselves seemed utterly fantastic: *Yellow Jasmine*—just that and nothing more."

"Croftlands has a large quantity of yellow jasmine growing up its walls, and it was thought that this dying message had some reference to it, showing that the poor old man's mind was wandering. Of course, the newspapers, agog for anything out of the common, took up the story hotly, calling it the Mystery of the Yellow Jasmine—though in all probability the words are completely unimportant."

"They are unimportant, you say?" said Poirot. "Well, doubtless, since you say so, it must be so."

I regarded him dubiously, but I could detect no mockery in his eye.

"And then," I continued, "there came the excitements of the inquest."

"This is where you lick your lips, I perceive."

"There was a certain amount of feeling evidenced against Dr. Quentin. To begin with, he was not the regular doctor—only a *locum*, putting in a month's work whilst Dr. Bolitho was away on a well-earned holiday. Then it was felt that his carelessness was the direct cause of the accident. But his evidence was little short of sensational. Mr. Paynter had been ailing in health ever since his arrival at Croftlands. Dr. Bolitho had attended him for some time; but when Dr. Quentin first saw his patient he was mystified by some of the symptoms. He had only attended him once before the night when he was sent for after dinner. As soon as he was alone with Mr. Paynter, the latter had unfolded a surprising tale. To begin with, he was not feeling ill at all, he explained, but the taste of some curry that he had been eating at dinner had struck him as peculiar. Making an excuse to get rid

of Ah Ling for a few minutes, he had turned the contents of his plate into a bowl, and he now handed it over to the doctor with injunctions for him to find out if there were really anything wrong with it.

"In spite of his statement that he was not feeling ill, the doctor noted that the shock of his suspicions had evidently affected him, and that his heart was feeling it. Accordingly, he administered an injection—not of a narcotic, but of strychnine."

"That," I think, completes the case—except for the crux of the whole thing—the fact that the uneaten curry, duly analysed, was found to contain enough powdered opium to kill two men!"

I paused.

"And your conclusions, Hastings?" asked Poirot quietly.

"It's difficult to say. It *might* be an accident—the fact that someone attempted to poison him the same night might be merely a coincidence."

"But you don't think so? You prefer to believe it—murder!"

"Don't you?"

"*Mon ami*, you and I do not reason in the same way. I am not trying to make up my mind between two opposite solutions, murder or accident—that will come when we have solved the other problem, the Mystery of the Yellow Jasmine. By the way, you have left out something there."

"You mean the two lines at right angles to each other faintly indicated under the words? I did not think they could be of any possible importance."

"What you think is always so important to yourself, Hastings. But let us pass from the Mystery of the Yellow Jasmine to the Mystery of the Curry."

"I know. Who poisoned it? Why? There are a hundred questions one can ask. Ah Ling, of course, prepared it. But why should he wish to kill his master? Is he a member of a *tong*, or something like that? One reads of such things. The *tong* of the Yellow Jasmine, perhaps. Then there is Gerald Paynter."

I came to an abrupt pause.

"Yes," said Poirot, nodding his head. "There is Gerald Paynter, as you say. He is his uncle's heir. He was dining out that night, though."

"He might have got at some of the ingredients of the curry," I suggested. "And he would take care to be out, so as not to have to partake of the dish."

I think my reasoning rather impressed Poirot. He looked at me with a more respectful attention than he had given me so far.

"He returns late," I mused, pursuing a hypothetical case, "sees the light in his uncle's study, enters, and, finding his plan has failed, thrusts the old man down into the fire."

"Mr. Paynter, who was a fairly hearty man of fifty-five, would not permit himself to be burnt to death without a struggle, Hastings. Such a reconstruction is not feasible."

"Well, Poirot," I cried, "we're nearly there, I fancy. Let us hear what you think?"

[Continued on page 265.]



HERCULE POIROT.

Wearing the Twelfth Part of a Royal Bridal Gown!



THE LADY OF THE KIMONO.



This charming portrait of a Japanese lady by Georges Michel, the French artist, was exhibited at the Salon last year, and is an amusing commentary on the description of the wedding dress worn by Princess Nagako, the bride of the Japanese Prince Regent, Hirohito. The lady

in the picture is wearing a beautiful kimono of the ordinary kind; but Princess Nagako's wedding robes consisted of a *juno hitoe*—a kimono of twelve thicknesses, or twelve kimonos worn one over the other, which cost £2000.

FROM THE SALON PICTURE BY GEORGES MICHEL.

Gilbert and Sullivan at the Princes' Again.



AS YUM-YUM, OF "THE MIKADO"—

MISS ELSIE

Everyone is delighted that the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company are once again giving London a chance to see the delightful Gilbert and Sullivan operas; and the season which opened at the Princes Theatre on Monday last, Feb. 4, is certain to prove a big success. Miss



AND AS HER OWN BLONDE SELF, GRIFFIN.

Elsie Griffin, the charming young operatic star, is shown in our photographs as Yum-Yum, and as her own blonde self. The entire series of operas is to be given, and "The Mikado" is to have a fortnight's run, from April 14 to 26.

Photographs by Janet Jevons.

Bonzo's Latest: This Week's Studdy.



TAP! TAP! TAP! BONZO SEES GHOSTS.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

NOTE.—The Best of all the Bonzo Books—"BONZO'S STAR TURNS"—is now on sale, and should be secured without delay, before it is sold out.



"LOVE - IN - U"

FROM THE PICTURE BY



SOLITUDE."

WILLIAM ABLETT.



THE UNSOLVED PROBLEM : CHIMPANZEE AND ORANG-UTANG.

Mr. J. A. Shepherd, the famous animal artist, has indulged a whimsical fancy in the above page from his sketch-book. Two members of the monkey tribe—a chimpanzee and an orang-utang—are seated in deep simian meditation in their cage at the "Zoo";

but Shepherd, playing with the Descent of Man from Monkey theory, has set them at human occupations, and sees them as two chess-players—working out the problems of their intellectual pastime in the self-same attitudes that they actually take at the "Zoo."

FROM THE DRAWING BY J. A. SHEPHERD.

"La Fiamma" of the New Miracle Play.



AS GEMMI DE SAVORIGI IN "STIGMATA":
MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY.

Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry's latest achievement is her appearance as the heroine of "Stigmata," the new miracle play dramatised by E. Sutherland and Beulah Dix, from the story by Eve Unsell, which was produced at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, on Jan. 21. The rôle of Gemmi de Savorigi is one which allows the actress to portray practically the whole gamut of human passions, emotions, and weaknesses; and the beautiful daughter of Phyllis Neilson and Fred Terry gives a very fine, emotional rendering of the part. The

story is set in the Cinque-cento period in Italy, and tells how Gemmi, the convent-bred girl, is brought into the dissolute society of the period by a brutal father. She is deeply religious, and dreams of the sacred Stigmata; but when she loves and is betrayed, she rises to fame as La Fiamma—the Flame of Beauty which destroys all men. In the height of her earthly triumph the Vision of the Stigmata comes to Gemma again, and she renounces the world and returns to the convent.—[Photograph by Reville Studios.]



The ideal tobacco is one that is fresh and fragrant, slow to burn and cool to smoke, and as good at the bottom of

the bowl as at the top. You may go far before you find anything that more nearly expresses this ideal than

THREE NUNS TOBACCO

Sold everywhere in the following packings: 1-oz. Packets, 1/2; 2-oz. Tins, 2/4; 4-oz. Tins, 4/8

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., 36, St. Andrew Square, Glasgow

Continued.]

Poirot threw me a smile, swelled out his chest, and began in a pompous manner:

"Assuming murder, the question at once arises—why choose that particular method? I can think of only one reason—to confuse identity, the face being charred beyond recognition."

"What?" I cried. "You think—"

"A moment's patience, Hastings. I was going on to say that we examine that theory. Is there any ground for believing that the body found is not that of Mr. Paynter? Is there anyone else whose body it possibly could be? I examine these two questions, and finally I answer them both in the negative."

"Oh!" I said, rather disappointed. "And then?"

Poirot's eyes twinkled a little.

"And then I say to myself, 'Since there is here something that I do not understand, it would be well that I should investigate the matter.' I must not permit myself to be wholly engrossed by the Big Four. Ah, we are just arriving. My little clothes-brush—where does it hide itself? Here it is. Brush me down, I pray you, my friend, and then I will perform the same service for you."

"Yes," said Poirot thoughtfully, as he put away the brush; "one must not permit oneself to be obsessed by one idea. I have been in danger of that. Figure to yourself, my friend, that even here, in this case, I am in danger of it. Those two lines you mentioned, a down stroke and a line at right angles to it—what are they but the beginning of a 4?"

"Good gracious, Poirot!" I cried, laughing.

"Is it not absurd? I see the hand of the Big Four everywhere. It is well to employ one's wits in a totally different milieu. Ah, there is Japp come to meet us!"

The Scotland Yard Inspector was, indeed, waiting on the platform, and greeted us warmly.

"Well, Moosior Poirot, this is good. Thought you'd like to be let in on this. Tip-top mystery, isn't it?"

I read this aright as showing Japp to be completely puzzled, and hoping to pick up a pointer from Poirot.

Japp had a car waiting, and we drove up in it to Croftlands. It was a square, white house, quite unpretentious, and covered with creepers, including the starry yellow jasmine. Japp looked up at it as we did.

"Must have been barmy to go writing that, poor old cove," he remarked. "Hallucinations, perhaps, and thought he was outside."

Poirot was smiling at him.

"Which was it, my good Japp?" he asked. "Accident or murder?"

The Inspector seemed a little embarrassed by the question.

"Well—if it weren't for that curry business, I'd be for accident every time. There's no sense in holding a live man's head in the fire—why, he'd scream the house down."

"Ah!" said Poirot in a low voice. "Fool that I have been. Triple imbecile. You are a cleverer man than I am, Japp."

Japp was rather taken aback by the compliment—Poirot being usually given to exclusive self-praise. He reddened and muttered something about there being a lot of doubt about that.

He led the way through the house to the room where the tragedy had occurred—Mr. Paynter's study. It was a wide, low room, with book-lined walls and big leather arm-chairs.

Poirot looked across at once to the window, which gave upon a gravelled terrace.

"The window, it was unlatched?" he asked.

"That's the whole point of course. When the doctor left this room, he merely closed the door behind him. The next morning,

it was found locked. Who locked it? Mr. Paynter? Ah Ling declares that the window was closed and bolted. Dr. Quentin, on the other hand, has an impression that it was closed, but not fastened; but he won't swear either way. If he could, it would make a great difference. If the man was murdered, someone entered the room either through the door or the window. If through the door, it was an inside job; if through the window, it might have been anyone. First thing when they had broken the door down, they flung the window open, and the housemaid who did it thinks that it wasn't fastened; but she's a precious bad witness—will remember anything you ask her to!"

"What about the key?"

"There you are again. It was on the floor among the wreckage of the door. Might have fallen from the keyhole, might have been dropped there by one of the people who entered, might have been slipped underneath the door from the outside."

"In fact, everything is 'might have been'?"

"You've hit it, Moosior Poirot. That's just what it is."

Poirot was looking round him, frowning unhappily.

"I cannot see light," he murmured. "Just now—yes—I got a gleam; but now, all is darkness once more. I have not the clue—the motive."

"Young Gerald Paynter had a pretty good motive," remarked Japp grimly. "He's been wild enough in his time, I can tell you. And extravagant. You know what artists are, too—no morals at all."

Poirot did not pay much attention to Japp's sweeping strictures on the artistic temperament. Instead, he smiled knowingly.

"My good Japp, is it possible that you throw the mud in my eyes? I know well enough that it is the Chinaman you suspect. But you are so artful. You want me to help you—and yet you drag the red kipper across the trail."

Japp burst out laughing.

"That's you all over, Mr. Poirot. Yes, I'd bet on the Chink, I'll admit it now. It stands to reason that it was he who doctored the curry; and if he'd try once in an evening to get his master out of the way, he'd try twice."

"I wonder if he would," said Poirot softly.

"But it's the motive that beats me. Some heathen revenge or other, I suppose."

"I wonder," said Poirot again. "There has been no robbery? Nothing has disappeared? No jewellery, or money, or papers?"

"No—that is, not exactly."

I pricked up my ears, so did Poirot.

"There's been no robbery, I mean," explained Japp. "But the old boy was writing a book of some sort. We only knew about it this morning when there was a letter from the publishers asking about the manuscript. It was just completed, it seems. Young Paynter and I have searched high and low, but can't find a trace of it—he must have hidden it away somewhere."

Poirot's eyes were shining with the green light I knew so well.

"How was it called, this book?" he asked.

"The Hidden Hand in China, I think it was called."

"Aha!" said Poirot, with almost a gasp. Then he said quickly. "Let me see the Chinaman, Ah Ling."

The Chinaman was sent for and appeared, shuffling along, with his eyes cast down and his pig-tail swinging. His impassive face showed no trace of any kind of emotion.

"Ah Ling," said Poirot, "are you sorry your master is dead?"

"I welly sorry. He good master."

"You know who killed him?"

"I not know. I tell pleeceman if I know."

The questions and answers went on. With the same impassive face, Ah Ling described how he had made the curry. The cook had had nothing to do with it, he declared; no hand had touched it but his own. I wondered if he saw where his admission was leading him. He stuck to it, too, that the window to the garden was bolted that evening. If it was open in the morning, his master must have opened it himself. At last Poirot dismissed him.

"That will do, Ah Ling." Just as the Chinaman had got to the door, Poirot recalled him. "And you know nothing, you say, of the Yellow Jasmine?"

"No; what should I know?"

"Nor yet of the sign that was written underneath it?"

Poirot leant forward as he spoke, and quickly traced something on the dust of a little table. I was near enough to see it before he rubbed it out. A down stroke, a line at right angles, and then a second line down which completed a big '4.' The effect on the Chinaman was electrical. For one moment his face was a mask of terror; then, as suddenly, it was impassive again; and, repeating his grave disclaimer, he withdrew.

Japp departed in search of young Paynter, and Poirot and I were left alone together.

"The Big Four, Hastings," cried Poirot.

"Once again the Big Four!" Paynter was a great traveller. In his book there was doubtless some vital information concerning the doings of Number One, Li Chang Yen, the head and brains of the Big Four."

"But who—how—"

"Hush! here they come."

Gerald Paynter was an amiable, rather weak-looking young man. He had a soft brown beard and a peculiar flowing tie. He answered Poirot's questions readily enough.

"I dined out with some neighbours of ours, the Wycherlys," he explained. "What time did I get home? Oh, about eleven. I had a latchkey, you know. All the servants had gone to bed, and I naturally thought my uncle had done the same. As a matter of fact, I did think I caught sight of that soft-footed Chinese beggar, Ah Ling, just whisking round the corner of the hall; but I fancy I was mistaken."

"When did you last see your uncle, Mr. Paynter—I mean, before you came to live with him?"

"Oh, not since I was a kid of ten. He and his brother—my father—quarrelled, you know."

"But he found you again with very little trouble, did he not, in spite of all the years that had passed?"

"Yes; it was quite a bit of luck my seeing the lawyer's advertisement."

Poirot asked no more questions.

Our next move was to visit Dr. Quentin. His story was substantially the same as he had told at the inquest, and he had little to add to it. He received us in his surgery, having just come to the end of his consulting patients. He seemed an intelligent man. A certain primness of manner went well with his pince-nez, but I fancied that he would be thoroughly modern in his methods.

"I wish I could remember about the window," he said frankly. "But it's dangerous to think back—one becomes quite positive about something that never existed. That's psychology, isn't it, M. Poirot? You see, I've read all about your methods, and I may say I'm an enormous admirer of yours. No, I suppose it's pretty certain that the Chinaman put the powdered opium in the curry; but he'll never admit it, and we shall never know why. But holding a man down in a fire—that's not in keeping with our Chinese friend's character, it seems to me."

I commented on this last point to Poirot as we walked down the main street of Market Handford.

[Continued on page xii.]

"Senior-Junior Giant-Dwarf Dan Cupid": Eros Etched.



"WILL YOU BEHAVE, YOU WAYWARD BOY?" AN ADMONITION.



"IN ALL CUPID'S PAGEANT, THERE IS PRESENTED NO MONSTER; ALL MY WORK!"

Dan Cupid's activities have been pictured by many artists, but Mr. A. Brantingham Simpson, R.I., the well-known etcher, has caught the knavish Blind Boy in some original pranks, and delightfully whimsical

situations which show him in a charmingly fresh aspect, as our two pages of reproductions of dry-points that were recently exhibited at the Greatorex Galleries prove. The dry-points, which were exhibited under the

From the dry-points by A. Brantingham Simpson, R.I.; by courtesy of the Greatorex Galleries, Ltd. Copyright reserved by the artist.

[Continued opposite.

At His Tricks Again: Cupid and Diana at Play.



THE HIGHWAYMAN WITH WIND-SWIFT WINGS:
"HANDS UP!"



THE TABLES TURNED ON DAN CUPID:
"DIANE CHASSERESSE."



LOVE HAS A TOUGH TUSSLE:
"THE KITE."



AND WELL HE DESERVES IT! "THE SEEKER
AFTER TRUTH."

(Continued.)

title of "More Fancies" show Dan Cupid in many moods. Sometimes he is master of the situation; but at others, his quarry, the fleet-footed and athletic Diana, the Huntress, has turned the tables

on him, for she will not allow the mischievous wretch to have his way with her without putting up a good fight for it! Mischief, gaiety, and wit are all expressed in these charming etchings.

From the dry-points by A. Brantingham Simpson, R.I.; by courtesy of the Greateorex Galleries, Ltd. Copyright reserved by the artist.



Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.



I.

"BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS," AT THE GARRICK.

HERE'S dear Bunty again, not much altered, yet not quite the same. There was nothing obsolete in the sentiment: the paternal supremacy and the fly in the ointment of his past; the schemes and vicious wiles of the old spinster; the rebellion of Rab; the winsome ways of Biggar's first love who becomes his last; the dainty diplomacy of Bunty—all that was as fresh as paint.

And yet—although we still enjoy the perfect acting of Mr. and Mrs. Moffat, although Miss Jean Clyde and Miss Norma Fleming were as lovable an aunt and niece as nature (and art) can make them—there was something lacking in the atmosphere of cosiness of former days. There was a something in the first Miss Moffat's Bunty which her sister Winifred lacks. The first Bunty floated through the play like a fay from fairyland: hers was a gossamer creation; it was as if mesmerism and magic were at work—the strings were almost invisible, the pulling perceptible only in effect, but never mechanical. Miss Winifred Moffat's portrayal, fascinating, too, in its way, is a more robust, more deliberate one than that of her sister. She does pull the strings, and we see them, as it were, vibrating and swaying at her touch. Perhaps it is a more realistic performance, but the other was more romantic.

II.

"ALICE - SIT - BY - THE - FIRE," AT THE COMEDY.

AN adorable play. There is no other word for it. Ever since I saw it with Ellen Terry as the bewitching mother, I have loved it most of Barrie's many wonderful works, and often have I asked—and asked in vain—why for so many years it was allowed to slumber on shelves while living in memory.

Times may have changed; girls are no longer so sentimentally romantic as Amy was; nor is the cigarette the luring perquisite of the downright adventuress. But even if one has to look back a little to enjoy the fullness of the savour, it remains what it always was, a delicious cup full of the milk of human kindness, with a dash of exquisite cognac to add piquancy to its softness.

And when we have done extolling the humanity of the author, what are we to say of his craftsmanship, so daring and so effective? Who else but Barrie could have hidden the girl in the cupboard for a long spell, and let the comedy of errors go on in front of her, without the absurdity of the situation overwhelming its humour? The slightest *faux-pas*, the slightest anti-climax, might have destroyed the illusion, and a heavy hand would have dispelled the comedy. But Barrie's touch is as sure as it is light; he knows humanity to the core; and whenever there is a risk of deviation, he knows how to steer into the clear waters where romance amalgamates with reality. Thus the adventure of Alice with her children, from whose heart she has slipped by an absence in India, and whom to win back she has to press into service all the wiles woman is capable of, has become the common property of many folks temporarily severed from their offspring; the common property, too, of those whose children grow up at home, yet drift mentally away in the storm and stress of adolescence. To the public at large "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" will remain a delightful fairy-tale full of sentiment. To those accessible to the deeper thought of the action, it will almost become a problem-play, but one as pure as snow and unobtrusive in its message: that children have minds of their own, and that when they grow up, the way to keep them

is to live their lives with them and bid adieu—in many respects—to one's own youth, its coquetry and its rivals.

When it is accepted, as granted, that Ellen Terry was the ideal Alice, let fairness admit that Marie Tempest's portrayal approaches hers within an ace; that it was a superb performance—perhaps the finest

revelation. Lovely to behold, picturesquely grotesque in her exaggeration of gesture, spoon-fed by theatrical make-believe, she was all buoyant adolescence, all impulse, exaltation, exultation running riot. She reminded us of her mother when her Tilby was the rage of London. But everybody was in the right place.

III.

"THE THREE GRACES," AT THE EMPIRE.

AT the beginning there was frantic enthusiasm, at the end a fierce battle between wooers and boozers. Both overstepped the mark, as did the play, which with its thin story very nearly covered four long hours. When that is remedied with powerful strokes of the managerial scythe, "The Three Graces" may settle down to a fair amount of success. But the first night was less than ever a criterion. In mass of detail, in overloading with humour of which a little would have gone a long way, the attraction of music, singing, and the heroic efforts of Mr. Morris Harvey and Mr. Johnny Dooley became suffocated. One lost the trend of the story, whatever it was—a squabble over a castle between a pretty Countess and the rightful owner, a Duke who for a hidden reason elected to impersonate a famous Parisian actor much adored by pretty ladies, and, when he fell in love with the Countess, had all the trouble in the world to convince her of his good faith and identity. Interspersed with these tribulations was the rehearsal of a mythological amateur

performance *à la* "Orphée aux Enfers," which was now and again funny, but, like everything else, spun out to unconscionable length. Whatever the German libretto may have been (and they are getting of less and less consequence), the English book was an elaboration, but could hardly have been an improvement. Such interest as there was came from the music. Yet even Lehar was not at his best. The overture was thin; the waltz-motive lilting and pretty—but far away from the imagination of "The Merry Widow." Lehar seemed to have saved up his fancy for the second act, which contains three numbers of quality—the "Cupid" solo of the Countess and the delightful love scene between her and the Duke. That was music, romance, something to be listened to and enjoyed. But the *clou* of the score—a truly characteristic and wonderful composition of its kind—was the "Gigolette" song, one of those wild revels among Apaches that create an atmosphere of ecstasy and awe, and picture the grim night-side of Paris in lurid colours. In spirit and inspiration it eclipsed all the other numbers.

Miss Winifred Barnes returns in better voice than ever. There is something in her timbre and phrasing now which would indicate tuition by that past-master, Zur Mühlen. She sings with fervour and feeling, she is a personality when she sings; but she seems to concentrate all her power in her voice—when she acts she is less impressive. Mr. Thorpe Bates, a very English French Duke with 'Varsity colours in his tie, is, perhaps, not the ideal hero of the story, but his voice makes up for everything. He sings beautifully in clarity of notes, in distinction of diction. There is colour and emotion in his tone. Of the two remaining Graces I have no very definite impression, but Miss Vera Freeman—and her partner, Mr. Dooley—threw themselves heart and soul into the Gigolette dance and whirled around with consummate acrobacy. Mr. Morris Harvey as a comic Dutchman reminded one pleasantly of dear Pélissier—when he sang of his wife in Tchernany!—and of Gus Yorke's weird and wonderful Potash. Such Dutchmen do not exist even in imagination, for the Dutch accent is as different from the German as chalk from cheese. But he was funny all the same whenever he had a chance.



AS MOYA (DEATH) IN "SAVITRI": MR. JOSEPH FARRINGTON.

Mr. Joseph Farrington, the operatic artist who made his name as a soloist in St. Paul's Cathedral, has been appearing in the National Opera Company's productions at Covent Garden. Our photograph shows him as Death in Gustav Holst's "Savitri."—[Photograph by Sasha.]

in her latter record. She applies to it all her consummate art of a *comédienne*. Admirable, too, was the Amy of Miss Elisabeth Irving. Another



MADAME BUTTERFLY IN THE BRITISH OPERA COMPANY'S PRODUCTION OF THAT OPERA: MISS ISABEL RHYS-PARKER.

Miss Isabel Rhys-Parker made a charming figure as Madame Butterfly in Puccini's well-known opera, given recently by the British Opera Company. She is the wife of the distinguished artist, Mr. Robert Parker, who was for many years principal baritone at the Cologne Opera House. Some months ago Miss Rhys-Parker joined Mr. Robert Courtneidge to act in light opera, but has now returned to grand opera at Covent Garden.

Photograph by Sasha.

Hermione, of "The Camel's Back."



THE HEROINE OF THE NEW SOMERSET MAUGHAM FARCE AT THE PLAYHOUSE: MISS MADGE TITHERADGE.

The production of a new play by W. Somerset Maugham is always a theatrical event of note, and "The Camel's Back," promised for last Thursday at the Playhouse, roused great interest. Miss Madge Titheradge is playing Hermione, the heroine, and Mr. E. Holman Clark, Miss Nina Boucicault, and Mr. Frank Cellier are other members of the

cast. Miss Titheradge is one of our most deservedly popular actresses, and was last seen in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," the entertaining comedy from the French which had such a long run, with Miss Titheradge, Mr. Norman McKinnel, and Mr. Hugh Wakefield in the leading rôles.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

Coquettish, Gay, and Tragic: A Dancer in Three Moods.



TO BE SEEN AT THE CENTURY THEATRE, ARCHER STREET, ON FEB. 9: Mlle. VALA SHMELEVSKA.



THE CHARM OF VICTORIAN DAYS: Mlle. VALA SHMELEVSKA,
THE YOUNG RUSSIAN DANCER.



THE SLAVE AWAITING HER FATE:
Mlle. VALA SHMELEVSKA.

Mlle. Vala Shmelevska is a clever young Russian dancer who has been seen recently at several special matinées in London, and roused much admiration by her dancing at the American Club, and at the New Oxford at the matinée in aid of invalid children. She is to

dance on Feb. 9 at the Century Theatre, Archer Street, with Lydia Kyasht's ballet, and will subsequently leave for America. She has danced in Paris, Warsaw, and Berlin, and is a very talented young artist who composes her own dances, and has appeared in many London drawing-rooms.

A Dance Before Prelates: "Southern Love."



AS THE WILD GYPSY DANCER:
MISS BETTY BLYTHE.



THE HEROINE OF "SOUTHERN LOVE": MISS BETTY BLYTHE IN THE
CEREMONIAL WHITE MANTILLA OF SPAIN.



THE IDOL OF SEVILLE: MISS BETTY BLYTHE AS DOLORES.

"Southern Love," the latest Graham Wilcox film, featuring Miss Betty Blythe, was presented for one night at the Albert Hall, but will not be released till September. Dolores is loved by an English artist, and a fellow-gypsy, and is also the object of the attentions of a Count. Through the intervention of the latter, she becomes famous as a dancer in Seville; and when Church and State authorities wish to

ban the wild national dances, she so charms the prelates and officials by her art that they allow the dances to be given. Dolores' rise to fame releases her from the power of the Count. He engineers her fall from public favour, but is murdered by Pedro, her gypsy lover. Dolores is arrested for the crime, but is saved by Pedro's confession, and leaves Spain to start a new life with her English artist.

Rugger.

Rugby Football Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

I READ in my *Rugby Football* of Jan. 19 that during a match in Toulon two players started to fight. The Commissaire of Police, who was present, walked on to the field to stop the fight, much to the indignation of the crowd, who considered that the referee was in charge of the game, and any police interference was uncalled for.

Fortunately, in this country we do not often find such an unfortunate state of affairs as a fight on the Rugger field between two opponents, so that the question as to whose job it is to stop it need not occupy our thoughts for one moment. However, I have evolved a problem which pertains to the gentleman with the whistle, and I am interested to get an answer to the conundrum, "Should a referee tell?" At first glance I expect you will wonder what exactly the question can mean. With your mind naturally recalling another and more familiar riddle, "Should a doctor tell?" it may puzzle you to see how the duties of a Rugger referee can ever be considered of the same intimate character as those of a member of the medical profession. Well, as a matter of fact, I don't mean the question in that sort of way at all. You know what frightfully uncommunicative beggars referees are, don't you? They are not exactly the chatty sort of person, as a rule. Anything they have to say they blow down a whistle, using their hands and heels in giving more detailed directions.

This, of course, is generally considered the best kind of referee—the one that keeps on saying nothing. But is it the most satisfactory kind? To hear the scream of the whistle; to watch the official twist his heel into the ground at a certain spot, and then indicate with his hands which side is to have the free kick—all done without any verbal declaration as to the offence: is this the best—the only way? And so we come to the true meaning of my question: "Should a referee tell?" I have been prompted to consider this question after the last English Trial at Twickenham—England v. The Rest. Here whether we think the referee should

or not is immaterial, for, like a certain character in fiction, "he said that he could, and he would, and he should, and he *did*." The referee on this occasion was the old England full-back, B. S. Cumberlege.

Every time he had to stop the game, in most unmistakable language he told the players what it was all about. I must say I liked it. It reminded me of what comes down the "loud speaker" during a wireless concert. Yes, I think the referee should tell. In fact, he should be down on the programme as referee and announcer.

After a shriek on his whistle, I should like to hear him say, "That was me playing on my whistle for that well-known movement 'Foot up.' Stand by one minute, please, while the penalty is exacted." Cumberlege was a splendid announcer—very distinct and decisive—and his explanations for all he did were given in a thoroughly sound and satisfying manner.

If you come to think of it, the actual Rugger season at both 'Varsities is a very much shorter period than that generally reckoned by other clubs. It is almost as if there were two seasons—or, more correctly speaking, the season may be said to be divided up into two

parts. Part I. dates from the beginning of the October term, and goes on to the 'Varsity match. After the 'Varsity match, Part II. commences. But all that really matters in the Oxford or Cambridge Rugger season happens in the October term. After the 'Varsity match, Rugger is, of course, played; but there is nothing like the same interest in the matches as before the great Twickenham struggle. That is the climax of 'Varsity Rugger.

It is the same at the Public Schools. All the great inter-school matches take place in the October term, and this term the interest in Rugger is almost nil. The difference between the duration of a 'Varsity Rugger season, and, for instance, that of a club like Newport was brought specially to my notice recently. I asked a friend whether he had gone down to Oxford on the previous day to see the 'Varsity play Bart's Hospital, remarking that it will be interesting to see if the Dark Blues go through the season undefeated. He replied that he didn't think they were worrying much about that. Perhaps they are not, because, from their point

of view, all that mattered was to come to Twickenham, as they did on Dec. 11 last, with an unbeaten record.

I should imagine that every club likes to have a good season; and not to have lost a match is a record to emulate. Yet up to Dec. 11, Oxford, though unbeaten, had played, I believe, only thirteen matches. If they count that as an unbeaten record for the season, it is a rather more simple honour than that of a club like Newport, who played thirty-three matches without once being beaten.

It was a novel enough sight for most of us to see fifteen London policemen in Rugger kit on the Richmond Athletic Ground; but when their opponents were also policemen—and French policemen at that—who had come over to try conclusions with our "gentlemen in blue," it suggested a terrifically exciting struggle.

The actual game proved, however, rather dull.

The weather was all against accurate handling of the ball, and neither side was well versed in the art of dribbling. So while the Metropolitan Police supporters were shouting "Feet! feet!" the friends of the gendarmes replied with "Vite! vite!" The Frenchmen were, on the day, undoubtedly the better side, and on the rare occasions when a try looked possible it was due to French pressure. The result was a pointless draw.

The tackling of such fine physical specimens as these thirty policemen represented was frankly very disappointing. I suppose that when a "Bobby" has been accustomed to stop a whole street of London traffic by merely holding up his hand, it is difficult to persuade him to use more strenuous measures when the man with the ball has to be pulled up.

However, they are all tremendously keen, and after a season or two will no doubt develop into formidable opponents.

In "international" affairs the result of Scotland v. Wales at Edinburgh on the 2nd was awaited with much curiosity. The fact that Scotland had been beaten by France in Paris and Wales by England at Swansea,

while Ireland had since defeated France at Dublin, made the situation particularly interesting.



SIR T. G. DEVITT, BART
Cambridge 34



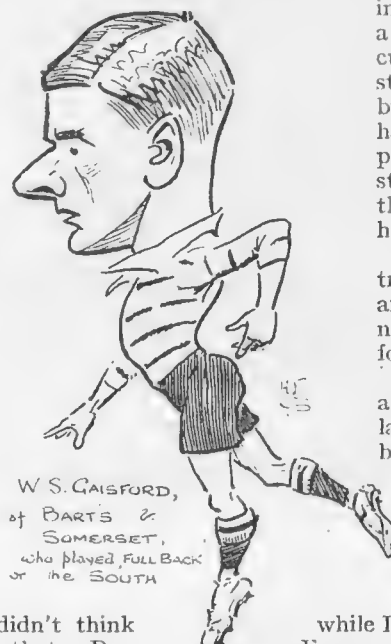
SAGUY,
THE FRENCH POLICE FULL BACK



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Sketch, 6/2/24.

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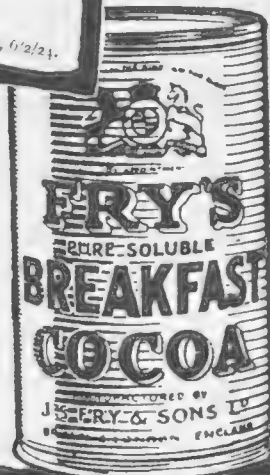
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The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

Dogs.

Lieutenant-Colonel E. H. Richardson seems to have solved the riddle of the ideal life. He lives with, for, and (presumably) by dogs. Humans may impinge a little on his blissful state, but I gather from his book that he keeps most of them a journey away. Dogs are good enough for the gallant Colonel, and many there are who will envy his lot.

Of course, he has to part with his dogs. However greatly a man may love dogs, you could not expect him to board and lodge them by the thousand. I don't know how many dogs you would find at his kennels to-day, but the coming and going must be incessant. I suppose he hardens his heart when the perfected Airedale is put into his travelling-box, and consoles himself with the latest and quite untrained arrival.

Dogs seem to have taken Colonel Richardson all over the world. They took him to Russia just before the war, and they certainly took him to many places in the war zone. But not without the usual tussle with the dear old War Office. When the Great War broke out, the Colonel (I think he was a Major then) called at the War Office and said (in my words):

"You ought to have some dogs."

"What for?" asked the War Office.

"To carry messages, assist sentries, guard viaducts—all sorts of purposes."

"Nonsense!" said the War Office (though I am open to bet it was not Lord Kitchener). "You mustn't come here talking about dogs! We can't waste our time on dogs! We want men, and munitions, and uniforms, and rifles."

"Dogs will save men," urged the Colonel politely.

"Will you go away?" screamed the War Office.

So he went away. That was in 1914.

"In November 1918 the Armistice came; but just before that event, the latest instructions for divisional attack were issued. In these it was ordered that all infantry battalions in the attack were to be provided with messenger dogs. This seemed to set a seal on the work. The long up-hill struggle, the open sneers, the active obstruction, the grudging assistance, all was forgotten in the knowledge that countless men's lives had been saved, and that this fact had now been realised and acknowledged."

That is all very fine, and generous, but most of us came across these important little Jacks-in-khaki during the war, who set self-advancement miles before the interests of the country, and snubbed out any idea that would not bring personal credit to themselves. And one sometimes wonders what has become of them all! Let us fervently hope they will be superannuated before the next war comes along, and that, in the meantime, they have bred no successors.

"Watch-Dogs." Colonel Richardson calls his book "Watch-Dogs," and he rather makes our flesh creep by suggesting that nobody in these days is really

safe without a dog to look after him or her.

"There is a wave of unrest," he writes, "and turmoil sweeping over the world—a clashing of arms, an upheaval of evil will-power. The 'Have-Nots' threaten the 'Haves,' and honest toil is nowadays called labour. To have, without effort on the part of the individual, is the dominant idea of a section of the community. The old predatory instinct has revived with astonishing vigour since the war. Man preys on man, and relentless individuals pursue the honourable citizen with cruel and often ferocious intention. It is a fact nowadays that many a man leaves his home in fear and trembling, when he bids farewell to his wife and little ones,

For the answer to that question I must refer you to this extremely interesting book. But, whether you wish to buy a dog or not, you will find much fascinating information herein about dogs. Do you think you really understand what a dog is saying when he barks?

Interpreting the Bark.

"The bark is made use of in varying tones to express contrasting emotions. There is the short, playful bark, when it is inducing one to accompany it for a walk. This is accompanied by broad smiles and ingratiating little whines; and, finally, the episode is closed with a loud, triumphant bark when the object has been attained and the expedition has commenced.

"There is the bark of welcome, noisy and boisterous, accompanied by much facial expression and bodily gesture. In both these modes of self-expression the clarion note of warning, which is so noticeable in the watch-dog's bark, is absent; and how telling is the contrast! There is no mistaking it, to one who knows his dog's mind. A dog, thoroughly and suddenly aroused to sudden danger, at once conceives the necessity for warning his master, and the force of his feeling is manifested in a supremely concentrated effort.

"With some dogs I have had, I have been able to judge exactly the degree of danger, and what is to be expected, by the quality of the warning bark. I have noticed that when the dog judges that what it sees or hears is of a peculiarly alarming nature, the bark is very often combined with a prolonged howl; and I have often wondered whether some remembrance does not return of the time when the canine ancestors guarded the camps of old on the lonely plains, infested by ravening animals, and the howl was then the only means of expressing the note of warning."

The Dog and the Burglar.

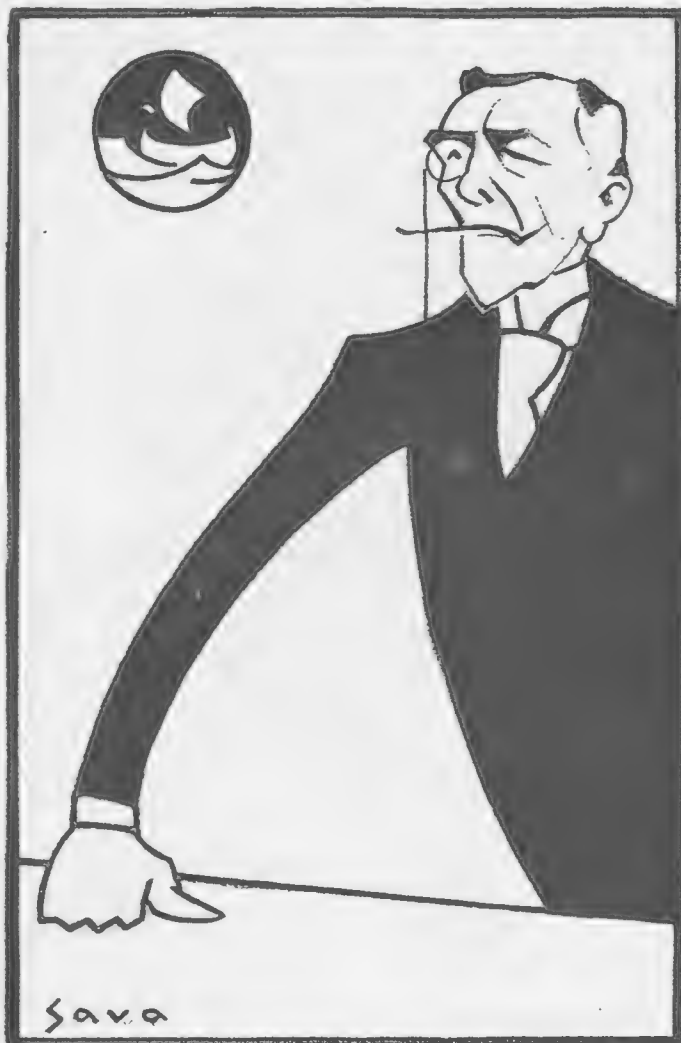
Our author is equally interesting on the subject of the dog and the burglar. He talks of burglaries in the most casual fashion, just as your family doctor might talk about measles or a cold in the head. In the course of ordinary conversation, the doctor tells you how not to catch a cold in the head; in precisely the same tone, the Colonel tells you how to catch a burglar.

This, of course, is a very special branch of his profession, and he has given much thought to it. When you are dining, for example, and your maids are downstairs, the bedroom doors must be left open, so that the dog can hear the slightest sound in any room. When you go to bed, you must leave all the doors of the lower rooms open; but do not give your dog the run of the house at night. If you do, he will seek out the most comfortable chair and go to sleep. The proper course is to chain him up at the most vulnerable point—say, at the foot of the stairs. He will then be on guard all the time.

If you want to feel absolutely safe at night, here is the way to achieve that object—

"If I were to define a combination of breeds, whereby the home defence of a

[Continued overleaf.]



POLISH-BORN—BUT ONE OF THE GREATEST ENGLISH NOVELISTS: MR. JOSEPH CONRAD AS SAVA SEES HIM.

Mr. Joseph Conrad was born in 1857 of Polish parents, and is a Master in the Merchant Service. His first novel, "Almayer's Folly," was published in 1895, and was followed by the wonderful series which has won him a place as one of the greatest of English novelists. His latest book is "The Rover," and his works are now being published in a uniform edition at 10s. 6d. net, the latest volumes in this series being "The Arrow of Gold," first published in 1919, and "Rescue," which appeared in 1920. Some of Mr. Conrad's manuscripts figured in a remarkable sale in New York, when the collection of Mr. John Quinn was put up to auction. The MS. of "Almayer's Folly" fetched £1200; that of "The Nigger of the Narcissus" £1050; and "Typhoon" £1100.

From the Caricature by Sava.

and goes out to his daily work. What may happen during his absence? What is there to protect them in the event of attack?"

All of which means, in plain language, "The sooner you get a watch-dog, the better for you." The point is, what sort of a dog will you get?

(Continued.)

family could be rendered absolutely secure at night-time, I would suggest a bull-mastiff or an Airedale on a patrol wire out of doors, an Airedale chained indoors in the hall, and another Airedale or a small terrier on the upper floor. As an extra touch, a bloodhound kept round at the stables, and ready to put on the trail. It is certain that any family thus protected may, if they wish, leave their valuables displayed, and their doors and windows wide open, without any danger of intrusion." For really nervous people, perhaps half-a-dozen policemen armed with rifles and revolvers might be added.

Bloodhounds. The very mention of a bloodhound is enough to thrill most of us to the marrow. Once, in the country, I encountered three bloodhounds rampant. I had with me two dogs of my own, both of a fair size, and the problem that presented itself to my mind, when the bloodhounds gave forth their beautiful bell-like notes at the sight of my dogs, was this: If they attack the two dogs, what is the correct conduct for the master? Does he hurl himself into the fray and take on the disengaged bloodhound with his bare hands, or does he walk off and leave his dogs to



TO MARRY MR. J. DOUGLAS BROWN:
MISS LORRAINE SANDOW.

Miss Lorraine Sandow is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugen Sandow, of Dhunjubhoy House, Holland Park Avenue. Her engagement to Mr. J. Douglas Brown, only son of Mrs. and the late Mr. Brown, of Knockbrex, Kirkcudbrightshire, has been announced.

Photograph by Claude Harris and Ernest Brooks.

be mangled to death? A pretty dilemma for you! I preferred to outwit the dear bloodhounds. Never mind how. It came off.

Despite the unemployment question, bloodhound training is not so simple as it was. Before the war you could easily get a nice tramp to lay a scent for a bloodhound. The trampier he was—we need not go into details—the better for the purpose.

In these degenerate post-war days, you cannot get tramps to take on the job; or, if they do, they want so much money that it is hardly profitable to employ them. Still—

"Man-tracking," the Colonel tells us, "is a most interesting sport, and both the tracked and the tracker can have a fine morning's run across a good line of country. The quarry makes every effort to mislead the hound by twisting, and, if possible, breaking his trail; and the handler may have to use a great deal of judgment and persistence in assisting the animal and recasting it again and again."

If you are thinking of going in for this exercise you can be either the tracker or the tracked, whichever you like—you would do well to import a bloodhound which has been accustomed to the trail. The Colonel

obtained one with a very fine reputation from America, where it had done some splendid work at the penitentiaries, on one occasion having run down an escaped murderer after a two-days chase in the mountains.

I must look into this. One can't play golf every day, and mere walking is far too tame.

"The Fir and the Palm."

This book is written by a Princess, so it behoves one to proceed warily. If the author happened to be Amelia Brown or Sophy Robinson, I should have no hesitation in saying that the sustained effort to be extremely clever was rather trying to the reader, and that much of the sparkle reminded me of Oscar Wilde at his worst. For example, "I know very little about music—only just enough to know that I don't know what I like." The brilliance is obtained, as you see, by inserting the word "don't." In Oscar Wilde's day, this simple little trick sent people, I believe, into paroxysms of delight. "Nothing succeeds like excess" is a good example.

"When you get to know my wife better you will find out that though she is in many ways a very remarkable woman she has an almost mystic passion for the irrelevant. All of her gifts and energy are thrown into an absolutely unproductive whirl of altruism and curiosity."

If Amelia Brown made one of her characters talk like that, she would, without a doubt, be severely reprov'd. She would be told that nobody did talk like that, and that if anybody attempted to talk like that they would very quickly find themselves addressing the air.

How They Talk.

Well, this is how exalted folk talk. A husband and wife are dining at home and quite alone—there is no suggestion of showing off. They are just chatting as husbands and wives will.

"Really, when I think of my neighbours and my relations I come to the conclusion that providence is a sort of second-hand provision store. Now you are very lucky with only one father."

"Poor father!"

"I admit that he is very trying, but he is not in the least tiresome, and, after all, gambling is life in miniature. Think of getting from one pack of cards all of the emotions that can usually only be got by breaking your heart or your neck. To be able to bring out at will a green baize table and at once know all the ecstasies and agonies of being in love, or in danger, of hope, fear, doubt, triumph, and despair."

I am very glad to know that husbands and wives, in exalted circles, do chat like that to each other. They must love each other very much indeed to stand it; and what could be more wonderful than to be both exalted and in love?

"The Wine of Illusion."

"The novelist had scarcely crossed the threshold of the shop when excitement seized the town. Servants flew between back-doors, stock was left in precarious keeping, and curious congratulators pressed through the waiting crowd outside the Tavernor shop and struggled to reach the 'best room,' wherein a reception, most

formally informal, was being held. And outside the waiting crowd formed and reformed, talking impatiently, for a sight of him."

So this is what happens to successful young novelists who are fortunate enough to live "in the centre of Staffordshire, midway between the Potteries and the Black Country." I wonder why that particular portion of England should be so excited about a little literary success, whilst the rest of England remains entirely undisturbed. Young men and young women from the North, South, East, and West have, from time to time, written books that the public liked and the critics approved, and these young men and women have returned to their native towns to find that most of the inhabitants have never heard of the book at all, whilst those who have are far more interested in their chilblains.

Midway between the Potteries and the Black Country—that is the spot for young writers who want to enjoy the glory of success. It would almost be worth while getting born all over again to see servants flying between back-doors in their excitement because a real live author had come home. I sincerely hope the author of this novel makes them do it.

Watch-Dogs. By Lieutenant-Colonel E. H. Richardson. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)

The Fir and the Palm. By Elizabeth Bibesco. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)

The Wine of Illusion. By Bruce Beddow. (Cassell; 7s. 6d. net.)



A CHARMING AND TALENTED YOUNG DANCER: MISS JOAN PANTER.

Miss Joan Panter is the daughter of Mr. Gilbert Panter, Secretary of the Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway. She is a very clever dancer, and appeared in "The Windmill Man" at the Victoria Palace. She was also seen in "The Betrothal" when it was produced with Miss Gladys Cooper playing lead, not long ago, and has also played in "The Immortal Hour."—[Photograph by Bassano.]



THE AUTHOR OF "GERALD CRANSTON'S LADY": MR. GILBERT FRANKAU AT THE HASSAN BALL, WITH MRS. FRANKAU.

Mr. Gilbert Frankau is well known as a novelist and poet, and is the son of the late Mr. Arthur Frankau and his wife, the late Frank Danby, whose novels caused so much stir when they were originally published. Mr. Frankau's novels include "Peter Jackson, Cigar Merchant," and "The Love Story of Aliette Brunton"; and he has recently published a collected edition of all his poems. His latest novel is "Gerald Cranston's Lady."—[Photograph by G.P.U.]

OLD · TIME · CUSTOMS ·



St. Valentine's Day. Valentine, the sweethearts' Saint, has claimed allegiance from time immemorial. According to old custom, the names of equal numbers of both sexes are drawn from a vessel on the eve of "St. Valentine's Day" (February 14th). The lady becomes the "Valentine" of the gallant who draws her name, and this was wont to be regarded as a good omen that they would eventually become man and wife.

It's a wise old
custom to

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Nothing can be Finer or more Choice.

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Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.

Improving the Make.

I have been given to understand that Mr. Henry Ford is so rich—on paper—that he cannot say how much he owns. Whether that makes him any happier I know not. But I am aware he gives a vast amount of pleasure to inventors and others who are constantly bringing out devices to improve the Ford chassis. It seems a sort of hobby for some people to show the other fellow how much better his goods would be if he added

Anyway, to cut a long story short, there is a suggestion that a number of these motor factories should amalgamate. What happens, when half-a-dozen of those firms join up, when all their balance-sheets show losses to be made up I must leave to those who favour the idea. The truth is, New York City's annual motor show reveals such gigantic figures of the U.S.A. motor industry that our folk are caught in a whirlwind of statistics and wafted goodness knows where. They

have no need to worry, for the British motor-manufacturers have visible customers to the number of 383,525 in this country who are car-owners; and they also sold this past year for abroad 5282 cars and chassis. Of course, it does stagger our factory managers to read the report of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce prepared by its general manager, Mr. Alfred Reeves. It states that the production of U.S.A. motor-cars and goods vehicles for 1923 was 4,014,000. Motor carriages were 3,644,000 of this total; whereas, doing the best one can for the English makers, it is difficult to bring the British cars and commercial vehicles count up to 80,000 as the total production from our fac-

tories in 1923. Hence the talk of amalgamations; but nothing is likely to come of it.

On Crossing the Road.

marked that motorists, "if they see me crossing the road, run straight at me; but if they see a 'bus crossing the road they pull up." I am afraid his Honour does not realise that motorists are better judges of speed and distance than some other people. I sincerely hope his remark was only comparative in its accusation; but a pedestrian's "chassis length" is small compared with that of a motor-omnibus. Therefore, while it may appear that the motorist is charging down on the pedestrian, the driver knows the former has plenty of time to get safely over the road at the pace he may be walking, and leave plenty of room for the car to pass behind him. With a 'bus it is a different matter, as its length practically occupies always all that part or side of the road an approaching car has the right to use without trespassing too far on

the "off" side. Of course, motorists who really do charge down pedestrians crossing a street deserve sharp punishment. The judge suggested "hanging." Well, there are a lot of people some folk would like to see "hanged" for all sorts of offences against decent manners. But the law won't permit it so far. Perhaps some day in Utopia we shall see hangings for less lapses than that. In the meantime, if pedestrians suffer from being charged at, the remedy lies in reporting the registration letters and figures carried by the offending vehicle to the Secretary of the Royal Automobile Club—and then things happen which are unpleasant for real bad offenders.

World's Largest Aero Engine.

When the single and two-seater glider aeroplanes displace the small car, one wonders what sort of complaints will reach their pilots from the public. Air-ways no doubt will have to be strictly defined; but at any rate all the pedestrian may have to fear is oil dropped from aloft. But it is very long odds against such things occurring. Any way, one sees no oil lying about on the aerodromes at present. Yet we have the world's largest aero engine, which has been recently accepted by the British Air Ministry. This is the 1000-h.p. Napier "Cub." It has sixteen cylinders arranged in four lines on four cranks which are in the form of an X. Before a British aero engine is accepted as air-worthy it has to pass a very strenuous test under most difficult conditions, including running on the bench for fifty-three hours. It speaks well for its good design and workmanship that this Napier "Cub" received such official approval, as it is the largest engine to pass such a test. It is also a feather in the cap of the British Empire that England should lead in aero engine construction.



WITH HER ALSATIAN WOLFHOUNDS, AND ANOTHER FAVOURITE: LADY EDITH WINDHAM AT HOME AT LANDWADE, NEWMARKET.

Lady Edith Windham, who has a very fine kennel of Alsatian wolf-hounds at Landwade, near Newmarket, is the daughter of the second Earl of Dartrey. Her first husband, the Hon. Charles Douglas-Pennant, was killed in 1914, and her marriage to Captain Charles Ashe Windham took place in 1916. Lady Edith has a son by her second marriage.—[Photograph by Thomas Fall.]

this or that additional gadget to his standard model. No car has been so completely rebuilt by inventors as Henry's. Still, he does not worry; he only gets richer as "Lizzie" comes out of the factories in millions. Still, as a faithful chronicler of events, I must not pass by the latest Ford "extra." Most of us use Ford vans at one time or other, even if we don't own this type of car. So a bright young fellow has conceived the idea that, as four-wheel brakes are the latest things in the fashion of motors, why not adapt these to that chassis? What is better, if I correctly understand Whitehead (London), Ltd., who make this novelty, the whole layout only costs the purchaser eight guineas, as it makes use of the existing Ford rear-hub brakes and connections, including the controls, without alteration. Also the front-wheel brakes and compensating mechanism are supplied ready assembled, so all the mechanic appears to have to do is to file a couple of slots, fit the Whitehead brake set and the drums on the front wheels, anchor the Bowden wire which actuates them, and you own a "four-wheel" brake car or van for this small additional payment.

Amalgamation of Makers.

But while one set of motor-ing folk are trying to improve (?) other folks' wares, there is another clique of motorists who aspire to even greater things than that. One of the main topics at the Scottish Motor Show at Glasgow among a large number of traders and makers was that "there are too many manufacturers and dealers in the business." And "quite a number of firms refuse to die"—which is also a grievance, I believe. Financiers have often told me that "you can live a long time on your losses," so I suppose some of them are giving a practical demonstration of this City adage.



FILM STAR AND CYCLIST: MISS BÉBÉ DANIELS.

Miss Bébé Daniels, the well-known and charming picture star, is a keen cyclist, and is a first-rate "push-biker." Our snapshot shows her posed with her favourite "mount."—[Photograph by Keystone View Co.]



Golf Methods in Slow Motion.

By R. Endersby Howard.

Analysing Vardon.

I have lately had an opportunity of making a close study of a new slow-motion film which shows Harry Vardon playing shots with his entire range of clubs, and which will be available to the public in about two months' time. In its clearness of detail, it is the best thing of its kind ever produced, and in the light that it throws on golfing methods it is always interesting and sometimes remarkable. These pictures, be it said, were taken while Vardon was executing shots which secured exactly the effects that he had intended, so that the movements—seen with the definiteness which is made possible only by slow-motion photography—are incontestably the correct movements for golf. At least, they are if we regard Vardon's swing as being correct; and I do not think that anybody has ever questioned the popular opinion that, in this special department of life, he is the peerless artist.

Foot Theories. Of brand-new discoveries, the most important struck me as being the action of the feet. Every good golfer whom I have heard discuss the subject has been absolutely confident about certain points in this connection. The left heel—which rises naturally from the ground as the club is taken back, so that the player can pivot on the strong joint at the base of the big toe—returns to the ground at the instant of impact. This planting down of the heel so as to have the left foot resting firmly on the ground must synchronise exactly with the act of striking the ball; if there be a fraction of a second's difference, the shot will go to perdition. This, at least, is the tradition, and I am told by people who have made a life-work of reading books of golf instruction that most masters have emphasised the importance of the principle, while not one has raised a doubt about it. Similarly, the right foot must be flat on the ground at the instant of impact, just as it is throughout the up-swing. In short, when the ball is struck, both feet must be precisely as they were during the address—fixed securely on the ground.

Evidence to the Contrary.

It sounds highly plausible. It suggests perfect balance of the body at the impact—an obvious desideratum. It supports the specious and time-honoured theory that, as the club goes up, so it comes down. Accepting this belief, one would expect the

player's feet to be in the same position when the club-head strikes the ball as they occupied when the club-head was grounded immediately behind the ball in the address. Various famous golfers have explained what happens when the return of the left heel to the ground does not coincide precisely with the impact between the club-head and the ball. They have shown that pulls and slices are inevitable in such circumstances. And yet there is no mistaking the evidence of these slow-motion photographs of Vardon. In all his long shots with wooden clubs and iron clubs, the left heel has returned to the ground to be planted there securely,

lifts the right heel from the ground and rises on to the joint at the base of the big toe while the club-head is still speeding towards the ball. So much for the contention that both feet must be flat on the ground at the instant of striking.

Subordinating the Right.

I have said that this happens where all full shots are concerned. An explanation deserves to be recorded of a variation in the case of a stroke which—if not played with quite a full swing—is often a long shot. It is what most people call the "push" shot, made with an iron club so as to obtain a low flight with back-spin which causes the ball to stop within a few yards of where it pitches. Nobody has ever excelled Vardon at this shot, which did more than any other to establish his fame; and here the film analysis of his methods demonstrates that, although he may adopt a three-quarter swing for it, the weight of the body is so preponderantly on the left leg from start to finish that the right is no more than a simple support. His method of producing this shot is worth close study.

A Strong, Straight Left.

The right leg apparently plays an unimportant part in the provision of power. The heel does not rise from the ground even at the end of the stroke; all that happens is that the player turns on to the inside of the right foot as the club goes through. That, however, is obviously only because the "push" shot is a stroke made with nearly all the weight forward on the left side of the body, so as to promote the application of back-spin and the low flight of the ball. In point of fact, the easing of the right foot before the impact, and the principle of the left side of the body as a fulcrum, are more pronounced than in the ordinary shot. The right heel is not raised from the ground for the simple reason that the entire foot has little to do except keep the player standing.

The Considerate Hip.

Another distinctive feature of the down swing as seen in this slow-motion film of Vardon is the emphatic manner in which the left hip is pushed forward towards the hole as the club starts to descend. This happens in some degree in every shot—apart from the putt—and is the more pronounced in the long shots. It is as though the left hip were trying to give free play to the right side of the body and make room for the club to come down in comfort. It ends with the bracing-up of the left side into a kind of prop, and the consequent accentuation of leverage from the right side of the body.

A Fulcrum.

In short, he has braced up the left side of the body so as to use it as a fulcrum. It creates resistance to the power which comes from the right side of the body, and which is thus incited to make the club-head move the faster in order to overcome this resistance from the left. For an appreciable period before the impact, Vardon's left side is simply a prop, and he is hitting with the right side. The better to be able to do this, he



"SMITH MAJOR" AND "SMITH MINOR" AT COOMBE HILL: THE EARL OF BIRKENHEAD AND HIS BROTHER, SIR HAROLD SMITH, K.C. (RIGHT)

This snapshot of the Earl of Birkenhead, and his brother, Sir Harold Smith, K.C., was taken at Coombe Hill at the first tee. It will be remembered that the distinguished lawyer-politician and his brother have sometimes been referred to as "Smith Major" and "Smith Minor."—[Photograph by S. and G.]



To H.M. THE KING

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

BY APPOINTMENT

ONCE the first "Gone Awa-a-ay!" is given, what matters aught else? But before . . .

There are but few occasions when grooming counts for more in horse and rider. It is upon such grooming that the "Lincoln Bennett" sets the seal.



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A Direct Descendant
of the Tailor-Made
is this
Practical Golf Suit.

Light and warm is the simple golf suit pictured here, which never handicaps the movements of the wearer. It is made of Tchilnollaine, the new French woven stockinette, in gay heather and plumage mixtures, and may be studied at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELWIN NEAME.



WOMAN'S WAYS.

By MABEL HOWARD.



Two useful hats for light spring days which hail from the salons of Gooch's, Brompton Road, Knightsbridge, S. W. Mixed straw, bound with velvet ribbon of a contrasting shade, makes the one above, and nigger satin, ornamented with tapestry embroidery, the pretty cap on the right.



We are told that every modern fashion is, after all, only the revival of one old enough to be reborn. Certainly the 1924 spring fashions are no exception to this rule, when one remembers the Directoire bonnet of 1795—recognisable in the high-crowned hats destined for our use this season—and realises that the inevitable straight chemise frocks are clearly inspired by the same period. But what of the "new" fashions in lingerie? Surely it would seem that we could never return to the uncompromisingly severe garments of our grandmothers, after the myriad laces

and frills that are wont to decorate the decidedly frivolous affairs of crêpe-de-Chine and lace to which we are accustomed? Yet there is a distinct trace of Victorian simplicity in the present vogue. Lace and ribbons are used sparingly, and the latest whim is to introduce simple drawn-thread work as the sole form of decoration. Sometimes it may be reinforced (but with discreet moderation) by light touches of the time-honoured feather-stitching. This simplicity is curiously effective and charming on the filmy undies of georgette, crêpe-de-Chine and voile which we wear to-day—creations which, I must admit, bear little resemblance in other respects to the voluminous and heavy garments of fifty years ago.

A Fashion which will Interest the Needlewoman.

As a result, this vogue for simplicity in lingerie as well as in frocks is instrumental in bringing to the fore the enviable accomplishments of the clever needlewoman, to whom nothing is more simple than to create beautiful drawn-thread work and plain embroidery. Another natural consequence is the use of white materials for this purpose, as drawn-thread work is particularly effective on such a background. Tarantulle, for instance, is an excellent fabric for making pretty lingerie of this description. In addition to its softness and smooth surface, it is extremely durable, and will withstand every onslaught of the most hardened laundress. Nor do its advantages end there, for Tarantulle is obtainable everywhere at exceedingly modest prices. Those who prefer colours must, of course, remember that this fabric is also available in all the prettiest pastel shades, and, moreover, that every hue is absolutely fast.

Hats for Little People.

I am sure Dame Fashion was in her brightest mood when she inspired this delightful quartet of spring hats for the youthful Eves of nursery and school-room, who must seek them in the salons of Gooch's, Brompton Road, Knightsbridge, S.W. For very small maidens nothing could be prettier than the captivating bonnet shape on the extreme right, carried out in mixed straw of a mustard-and-cress colouring. The becoming softness round the face is bestowed by a tiny lace frill, and the finishing touches are supplied by a long hanging loop of moiré ribbon and a posy of wild flowers; 37s. 6d. secures its purchase, and 3 guineas is the price of the shady hat in nigger crêpe-de-Chine relieved with flowers of blended rust and orange tones. For the more serious occupation of going to and from school, there are the useful models pictured on the left. The satin cap is turned up in front with an effective tapestry trimming in soft colourings, and the hat above (which can be secured for 18s. 9d. in any colourings) is fashioned of coarse mixed straw, prettily bound with velvet ribbon to tone.

And Some Frocks.

The important question of millinery satisfactorily settled, we can safely turn our attention to the new children's frocks which Gooch's have designed to complete the spring outfits. First, the small people on the left. They are comfortably arrayed in pretty suits of Egyptian cotton, which has the appearance of heavy silk. Frocks and



The captivating little bonnet pictured above is fashioned of mixed straw of a mustard-and-cress nuance, bound with shot velvet ribbon. On the left is a shady hat of nigger crêpe-de-Chine, gay with flowers of mingled rust-and-orange nuances. Sketched at Gooch's.



knickers for a girl aged three years can be secured for 33s. 6d. the set, and for 25s. 6d. the tunic and knickers for a boy aged two years. The prices rise only 2s. a size. This fabric is also obtainable in plain colours, and is excellent for washing and wearing qualities. Below are two practical school frocks, obtainable in all sizes. The one on the left can be made in rep, serge, or georgette, while the other is expressed in stockinette.

[Continued overleaf.]



These two happy little people are clad in comfortable suits of striped Egyptian cotton, which has the appearance of heavy silk. They are awaiting small owners in the salons of Gooch's.



To Gooch's must be placed the credit for these practical school frocks, the tunic and skirt being expressed in cinnamon stockinette, and the other frock in fine serge. Both are completed with detachable collars and cuffs of crêpe-de-Chine.

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

A Notable White Sale.

Although many people think that sale time is over, there is renewed activity in the salons of Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W., who are holding a white sale from February 4 to 22. Among the many bargains obtainable are well-tailored waistcoat blouses in schappe for 17s. 9d., or in ivory pyjama silk for 29s. 6d.; while soft white voile blouses can be secured for 13s. 9d. Pretty French cambric night-dresses trimmed with washing net and ribbon have been drastically reduced to 10s. 9d., and those enriched with hand embroidery are only 16s. 9d.; 5s. 6d. is the price of useful cambric overalls; or 6s. 11d. expressed in strong casement cloth. Tennis frocks of real Irish linen (an ideal material for this purpose) are marked at 49s. 6d.; and dresses of white washing crêpe-de-Chine at 89s. 6d. Then there are feather hats for the spring, obtainable for the modest sum of 17s. 9d. apiece, and useful clipped ostrich-feather collarettes for 20s. Umbrellas, those indispensable accessories for showery April weather, can be obtained for 10s. each, both full-sized or of the fashionable stumpy variety.

It is interesting to note that Millson's, the well-known baby-carriage makers, of 303, Oxford Street, W., have had the honour of supplying carriages to H.M. the Queen of Serbia and to H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Rumania. The models of this firm are, of course, all perfect examples of the carriage-builder's art, and no detail is considered too small for careful attention. A complete catalogue of models and prices may be obtained post free on application by all who mention the name of this paper.

Hats for Spring Weather. That the enveloping cloche is quite superseded by the small, turned-up brim is an established fact, and women who still sigh for the vanishing mushroom shape have only to study the trio of attractive hats pictured on this page to acknowledge that the new style is just as becoming as its popular predecessor. Sketched in the salons

of Woolland Brothers, Knightsbridge, S.W., they are delightful illustrations of the prevailing mode. The centre hat boasts the crown of nigger pedal straw and the brim of satin, forming an attractive background to drooping ostrich-feathers of light beige. Below is an exceedingly chic little hat of navy-blue shiny canvas straw, the turned-up brim and the segments of the crown being gaily defined by scarlet leather painted with Chinese designs in black and gold. This novel trimming is very effective, and reminds one irresistibly of the beautiful lacquer-work of the East. In complete contrast to these two striking models is the simple hat on the left, which relies for the undoubted effect entirely on its own merits. Innocent of all decoration, it is expressed in embroidered ciré satin, the brim at the back quaintly developing into a stiff fan. Another variation of the present vogue appears in a shape of black pedal straw, the brim of ciré ribbon turning up sharply at one side, pierced by two amusing hatpins in the form of diminutive Japanese pagodas—one carried out in scarlet and gold, and the other in blue and gold.

The wonderful Sessel Pearls. inventions which we owe to science have completely erased the word "impossible" from the dictionary, and nowadays, even the seemingly unattainable desire of every woman to possess a string of beautiful pearls can be happily fulfilled at a modest cost. Years of scientific study have perfected Sessel Pearls and made them such exact reproductions of the deep-sea gems that even an expert can only tell them apart under a severe test. Ropes of these lustrous, finely graduated pearls, sixteen inches long, and completed with an eighteen-carat gold

New Frocks.

A glass of wine spilt over a perfectly good frock is a tragedy we must all suffer at one time or another; but owing, perhaps, to the habit of dancing and dining in a crowded room, disasters of this nature are so universal nowadays that they almost seem to have become a habit! There is a remedy, however, and an inexpensive one, if the aid of Achille Serre, Ltd., is quickly invoked. Their branches are everywhere, and it is a simple matter to send the frock to the nearest one, where for a few shillings every mark of wear and tear is speedily banished. The special dry-cleaning process which performs the miracle is equally successful for filmy dance frocks or heavy coats and skirts.

An illustrated booklet giving full particulars will be sent gratis and post free to all who mention the name of this paper.



Fashionable hats from Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge, S.W. Drooping beige ostrich feathers decorate the silk and straw hat in the centre, and brightly painted scarlet leather the chic affair of canvas straw on the right. Embroidered ciré satin makes the attractive shape on the left, the brim forming a fan at the back.

Peter Robinson's New Premises.

The extensive building operations at Peter Robinson's main block of premises in Oxford Street and Regent Street, W., have long been a matter of universal interest, and it is welcome news that the beginning of March will signal the opening of these spacious premises. They are large enough to include all the departments hitherto assembled in the old Regent Street house (south of the Cireus), which will therefore be closed early in that month. Consequently, the new main premises will conveniently provide for everything under one roof, the western block being devoted to women's and girls' wear, and household drapery, etc.; while the eastern section will contain everything necessary for men's and boys' outfitting.

The £1000 Name Competition.

So great has been the interest aroused in the Girl Name Competition organised by J. Fry and Son, of Bristol, that a special staff of over fifty has been engaged and is working at full pressure in order that the results may be made public as soon as possible. It will be remembered that a first prize of £1000, and innumerable others, will be awarded in connection with the order of popularity of ten girls' names. Consequently, to transfer to special cards the details given on an estimated number of at least half-a-million coupons is a tremendous task. On each card, a name and address have to be written, ten holes must be punched by a special mechanism, and the final card passed through wonderful accounting and tabulating machines. Nothing can be left to chance, and nothing is being sacrificed to gain time, so that it will be impossible to obtain the winning results for several weeks.



At the theatre or the opera a rope of lustrous Sessel Pearls lends enchantment to the simplest evening frock.

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Golfing HAT of extra fine quality Fur Felt, trimmed corded ribbon. All sizes for ladies and children. Colours: White, Nut, Cuban, Nigger, Tan, Mastic, Black, Navy, Covert, etc.
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NEW SPRING OVER-BLOUSE

SPECIALLY designed for early Spring wear and made from reliable materials that we can recommend.

Attractive New OVER-BLOUSE (as sketch), made in heavy crêpe-de-Chine, long revers, finely tucked narrow cuffs to correspond, tied at side with loose bow. In ivory champ., flesh, putty and grey.

Price **29/6**

Outsize 4/- extra.



SMART WIDE BAR SHOE in grey suede and calf, nigger suede and calf. Similar shoe in tan calf. Price 59/6.

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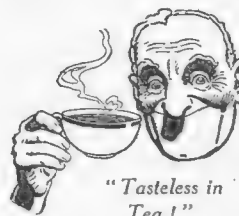
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"He never could do it," you say? Well, perhaps he couldn't. But he *feels* like doing it. You'll feel the same, too, every day of your life, when you've made up your mind to practise the Kruschen habit of health—the habit of the "little daily dose."

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Again the voice of the doubter is heard: "How can just a single salt do all this? I've taken Epsom and Glauber many a time, and never yet had a glimpse of that 'Kruschen' feeling." Epsom and Glauber! Brimstone and treacle! Castor oil and syrup of squills! You might as well chew a bunch of grapes and wonder why you remain sober. Kruschen is *not* a single salt. Epsom and Glauber are, and therefore perform but a single function. They are merely a part of the treatment you need.

But Kruschen, the one and only Kruschen, is a blend of *six different salts*, each of which has a different duty to perform. Because, owing to the artificial life you lead, your system is prevented from supplying itself naturally with these six vital salts, you suffer from depression, headaches, undue fatigue, indigestion, "nerves"—to say nothing of rheumatism, gout and other ills, caused by impurities of the blood and derangement of the inner mechanism.



"Tasteless in Tea!"

It's the little daily dose that does it!

Kruschen Salts prevent all these ills. They not only rid the body of all clogging waste matter, but they act directly on the blood stream, purifying and invigorating it and filling every vein in your system with tingling health and vitality. Remember—it's the *little daily dose* that does it. So make up your mind here and now to start and maintain the daily habit of health, and you will soon find yourself wondering how you ever got on in the old days without this splendid aid to fitness. A 1/9 bottle contains 96 morning "pinches." Get a bottle to-day.

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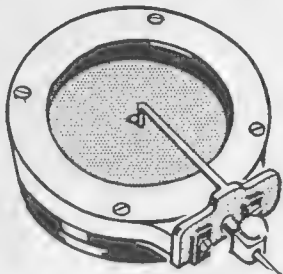
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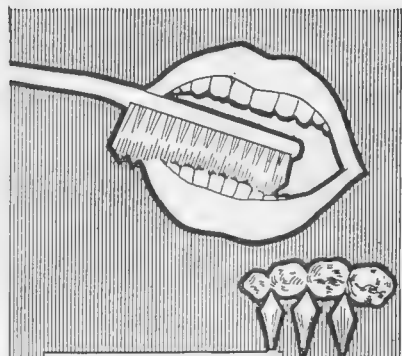


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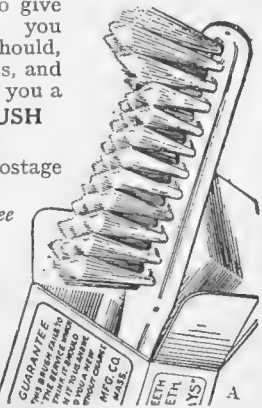
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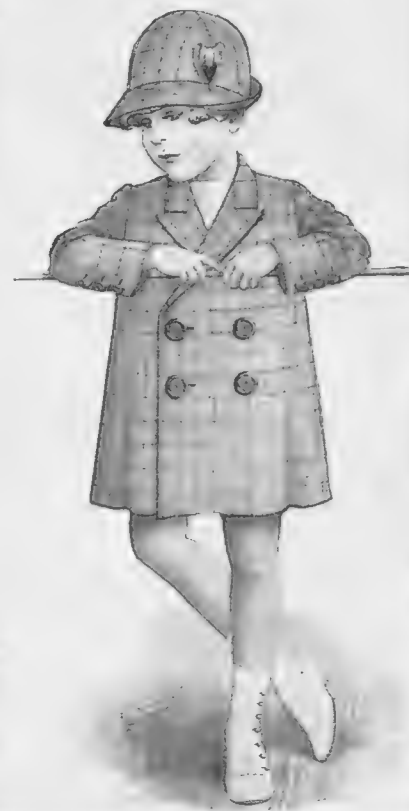
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In order to meet the anticipated demand for Tailored Suits, we have designed a number of models which can be copied and made to order by our men tailors on the premises for the exceptionally moderate price of 12½ guineas each. Patterns and self-measurement form will be sent upon request to those ladies unable to visit our establishment personally.

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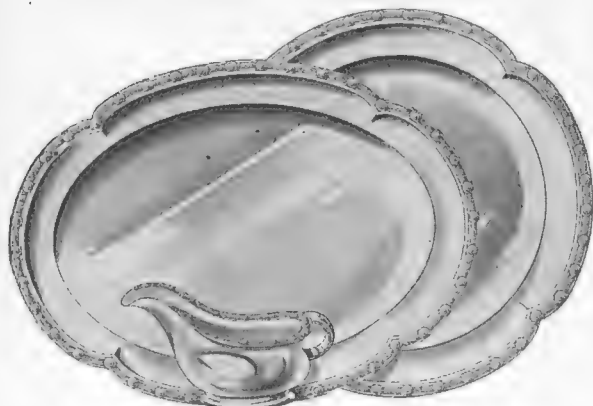
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WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

Byzantine Silver from Birmingham. Birmingham has just received what is perhaps the most notable order (if quality and quantity are regarded separately and combined) it has had from London, and certainly one which



The exquisite art and craftsmanship of the famous Byzantine period is faithfully reproduced in this table silver destined to be used by guests at the Trocadero Restaurant, Piccadilly, W.

is remarkable as coming from a restaurant. It is for more than 40,000 pieces of silver for the tables of the Trocadero Restaurant, Piccadilly, W., and the value of the contract is over £30,000. The idea has been to place upon the tables something derived from those rich blends of solidity in the body and ornament upon the borders which have made Byzantine craftsmanship famous

to this day. Byzantine irons, jewellery, and bronzes have remained famous for centuries, and Birmingham is now to place on a London restaurant's tables silvers derived from the exquisite originals of a thousand and more years ago. In ecclesiastical art, the Byzantine style survives, with plain shapes and precious stones, pearls, and crystals filled into the filigree and chased borders. The Birmingham service for the Trocadero will reproduce this border; the intervening bosses between the chased work representing the precious stones of the original Byzantine craftsmanship.

For One Week Only.

Next Monday heralds the beginning of the White Sale at Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W., and the early visitor will secure many gilt-edged investments. House linen of every description is drastically reduced, and pure linen damask table-cloths can be secured from 5s. 11d., size 45 by 45 in. In the children's department there is also a rich harvest to be garnered, including cosy dressing-gowns of striped towelling for 11s. 9d., and warm one-piece sleeping-suits for 4s. 6d.; while knitted jersey and knicker suits are only 10s. 9d. each. Readers should apply for an illustrated catalogue, which will be sent gratis and post free.

A Children's Gramophone.

A splendid present for little people is an "His Master's Voice" Nursery gramophone, perfected by the Gramophone Company, 363-7, Oxford Street, W. Costing only £3 10s., the white-enamelled finished cabinet is decorated with nursery-rhyme

pictures, and the famous "H.M.V." sound-box and fittings are all included. Double-side records of amusing nursery rhymes can be purchased for the modest sum of 1s. 6d. each.

A New Year's Resolution.

Everyone has begun the New Year with firm resolves to work really hard, and they will find it much easier to carry out these good intentions if they arm themselves beforehand with a Portable Remington Typewriter, which positively inspires one to work by reason of its speed, lightness of touch, and improved keyboard. Every busy person should make this gilt-edged investment, and full particulars can be obtained from the Remington Typewriter Company, 100, Gracechurch Street, E.C.3.



An offering that is appreciated at all seasons of the year is a box of the delicious Kunzle chocolates. The large variety of different centres is such that practically no two chocolates are alike, and consequently everyone's tastes are carefully studied. They are sold everywhere.

LAST WEEKS!

LAST WEEKS!

ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY for ALL ARTISTS

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LAST year we offered the same prize—namely, £100—for a design for the permanent cover of THE SKETCH, an offer which met with an extraordinary response. We now appeal to all artists to submit a poster suitable for exhibition on hoardings or railway bookstalls.

The designs submitted should be suitable for reproduction in two colours—namely, blue and red. These two colours can be light or dark, strong or weak, at the discretion of the artist. It may be noted that black can be used, this being obtained in the reproduction by the printing of the blue over the red; as in the design on the cover of this issue of THE SKETCH. The designs can be drawn any size; they need not be of poster size.


Also, the designs need not contain any wording; nor need they necessarily have the present cover design incorporated in them—that is, it is not essential that our little lady with the figurines should be represented. It is essential, however, that the poster shall suggest the policy of THE SKETCH—that is, the treatment of artistic, social, and theatrical life.

We also make the following conditions, by which all sending in designs must abide.

1. Any artist may send in any number of designs.
2. All designs must reach this office—"The Sketch," 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2—by not later than the first post on March 10, 1924.
3. Each drawing must have upon it the artist's name and address.
4. The Editor's decision must be accepted as final.

Subject to these conditions, the Editor will pay £100 for the winning design; this to cover the original and the full copyright, which will then become the property of *The Sketch*.

Designs, except the winning design and any reserved for possible future use (by arrangement with the artists), will be returned in due course, provided postage or carriage is prepaid by the senders; but the Editor will not be responsible for the loss of or damage to any design submitted.



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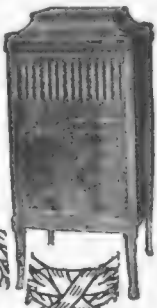
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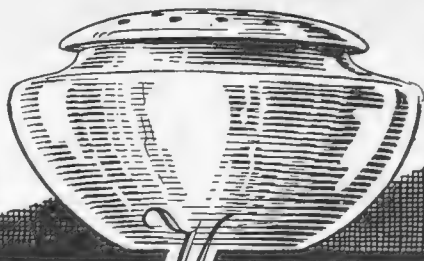


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THE YELLOW JASMINE MYSTERY.

(Continued from page 265.)

"Do you think he let a confederate in?" I asked. "By the way, I suppose Japp can be trusted to keep an eye on him?" (The Inspector had passed into the police station on some business or other.) "The emissaries of the Big Four are pretty spry."

"Japp is keeping an eye on both of them," said Poirot grimly. "They have been closely shadowed ever since the body was discovered."

"Well, at any rate, we know that Gerald Paynter had nothing to do with it."

"You always know so much more than I do, Hastings, that it becomes quite fatiguing."

"You old fox!" I laughed. "You never will commit yourself."

"To be honest, Hastings, the case is now quite clear to me—all but the words Yellow Jasmine—and I am coming to agree with you that they have no bearing on the crime. In a case of this kind, you have got to make up your mind who is lying. I have done that. And yet—"

He suddenly darted from my side and entered an adjacent bookshop. He emerged a few minutes later, hugging a parcel. Then Japp rejoined us, and we all sought quarters at the inn.

I slept late the next morning. When I descended to the sitting-room reserved for us, I found Poirot already there, pacing up and down, his face contorted with agony.

"Do not converse with me," he cried, waving an agitated hand. "Not until I know that all is well—that the arrest is made. Ah, but my psychology has been weak. Hastings, if a man writes a dying message, it is because it is important. Everyone has said, 'Yellow jasmine? There is yellow jasmine growing up the house—it means nothing.'"

"Well, what does it mean?" I said.

"Just what it says. Listen." He held up a little book he was carrying.

"My friend, it struck me that it would be well to inquire into the subject. What exactly is yellow jasmine? This little book has told me Listen."

He read—

"Gelsemii Radix. Yellow Jasmine. Composition: Alkaloids gelseminine $C_{22}H_{26}N_2O_3$, a potent poison acting like conine; gelsemine $C_{12}H_{14}NO_2$, acting like strychnine; gelsemic acid, etc. Gelsemium is a powerful depressant to the central nervous system. At a late stage in its action it paralyses the motor nerve endings, and in large doses causes giddiness and loss of muscular power. Death is due to paralysis of the respiratory centre."

"You see, Hastings? At the beginning I had an inkling of the truth when Japp made his remark about a live man being forced into the fire. I realised then that it was a dead man who was burned."

"But why? What was the point?"

"My friend, if you were to shoot a man, or stab a man after he was dead, or even knock him on the head, it would be apparent that the injuries were inflicted after death. But with his head charred to a cinder, no one is going to hunt about for obscure causes of death; and a man who has apparently just escaped being poisoned at dinner is not likely to be poisoned just afterwards. Who is lying, that is always the question? I decided to believe Ah Ling—"

"What?" I exclaimed.

"You are surprised, Hastings? Ah Ling knew of the existence of the Big Four, that was evident—so evident that it was clear he knew nothing of their association with the crime until that moment. Had he been the murderer, he would have been able to retain his impassive face perfectly. So I decided, then, to believe Ah Ling, and I fixed my suspicions on Gerald Paynter. It seemed to me that Number Four would have found an impersonation of a long-lost nephew very easy."

"What?" I cried. "Number Four?"

"No, Hastings; not Number Four. As soon as I had read up the subject of yellow jasmine, I saw the truth. In fact, it leapt to the eye."

"As always," I said coldly, "it doesn't leap to mine."

"Because you will not use your little grey cells. Who had a chance to tamper with the curry?"

"Ah Ling. No one else."

"No one else. What about the doctor?"

"But that was afterwards."

"Of course it was afterwards. There was no trace of powdered opium in the curry served to Mr. Paynter; but, acting in obedience to the suspicions Dr. Quentin has aroused, the old man eats none of it, and preserves it to give to his medical attendant, whom he summons according to plan. Dr. Quentin arrives, takes charge of the curry, and gives Mr. Paynter an injection, not of strychnine, but of yellow jasmine—a poisonous dose. When the drug begins to take effect he departs, after unlatching the window. Then, in the night, he returns to the window, finds the manuscript, and shoves Mr. Paynter into the fire. He does not heed the newspaper that drops to the floor and is covered by the old man's body. Paynter knew what drug he had been given—possibly the doctor had taunted his helpless victim before departing—and strove to accuse the Big Four of his murder. It is easy for Quentin to mix powdered opium with the curry before handing it over to be analysed. He gives his version of the conversation with the old man, and mentions the strychnine injection casually, in case the mark of the hypodermic needle is noticed. Suspicion at once is divided between accident and the guilt of Ah Ling owing to the poison in the curry."

"But Dr. Quentin cannot be Number Four?"

"I fancy he can. There is undoubtedly a real Dr. Quentin, who is probably abroad somewhere. Number Four has simply masqueraded as him for a short time. The arrangements with Dr. Bolitho were all carried out by correspondence, the man who was to do *locum* originally having been taken ill at the last minute."

At that moment Japp burst in, very red in the face.

"You have got him?" cried Poirot anxiously. Japp shook his head, very out of breath.

Bolitho came back from his holiday this morning—recalled by telegram. No one knows who sent it. The other man left last night. We'll catch him yet, though."

Poirot shook his head quietly.

"I think not," he said, and absent-mindedly he drew a big 4 on the table with a fork. [THE END.]

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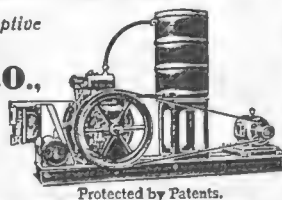
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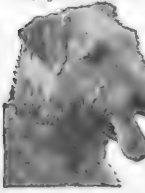
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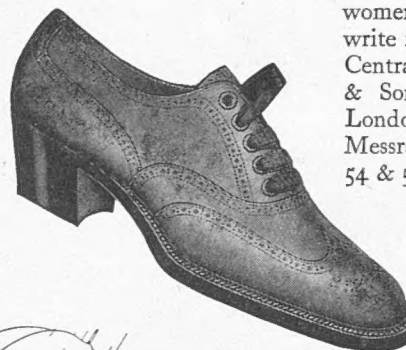
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THE WAY ROUND PARIS.

Dramatic News.

There are several new plays at the theatres, including an interesting comedy by Henri Clerc at the Théâtre des Arts, about a Labour agitator—we call them Syndicalists in France—whose opinions become insensibly milder when his own personal happiness has been assured by marriage. Several other promising productions are announced. In Maurice Rostand's play, "The Secret of the Sphinx," it has eventually been decided that the name-part, which was to have been taken by Sarah Bernhardt, if she had lived, will be acted by Ida Rubinstein—no doubt to the great annoyance of a number of actors, scenic artists, musical composers, and others, who have got into the habit of making a capital living out of the gorgeous productions which the lady has mounted at her own expense, and are done out of it by her taking an ordinary engagement. Mistinguett is doing so well in America that she has told her Paris manager, Léon Volterra, that she will not be back until May at the earliest, so he will no doubt postpone his production of the new revue at the Casino de Paris until then. On the other hand, Gustave Quinson has had to get a new piece ready at once for the Bouffes-Parisiens, where "La Dame en Décolleté" is not such a success as you might suppose from its title. So he is starting rehearsals at once with the words of a new musical comedy, while he has set three composers to work to write the music—an act each—all of which is one way of gaining time.

Meanwhile, Maud Loty, the pert and very diminutive young actress who, since her success in "La Femme du Jour" has become the most typical expression of boulevard *diablerie* and agreeable insolence, is

having another play written round her. It will be produced at the Capucines—a theatre which is almost as small as the lady—and will probably be called "Un Petit Bout de Femme." Maud Loty was to have taken the chief part in the forthcoming revival of Robert de Flers' delicious "Bois Sacré," at the Variétés, but she insisted on interpolating lines of her own into the distinguished Academician's text; and when he protested, she told him that she just intended to "brush the play up and make it look almost new." So she was persuaded to have a diplomatic sore throat, and resigned.

At the Vaudeville we are to have the annual new play by Pierre Wolff, with Lucien Guitry in the name-part. It is always interesting to learn something of the methods of work of great artists, and I hear that Lucien Guitry, when he is producing a play, occupies the whole of the first four or five rehearsals with the company sitting round a table and getting the intonations absolutely right. It is only afterwards that they rehearse on the stage, and it is said that by that time they understand the play so well that the rest is easy.

The Vogue of the Circus.

That part of the play-going public which wants to be well in the theatrical fashion still affects to find in the circus a pleasure which is to be sought in vain in the theatre, and the four circuses of Paris—which have never quite lost their hold on the public, as the circus has in London—are enjoying a prosperity that they have never known. At the Medrano, the most old-fashioned of all, but the most crowded, thanks to those inimitable clowns, the Fratellini, there is a remarkable collection of trained horses. At some of the other houses are performing bulls, seals, elephants,

and lions. And it is not only the children who enjoy the show.

No More Kiss-in-the Ring.

English boxers who come to France may take note that it is no longer part of the etiquette of the ring to exchange kisses at the end of a fight. The cold British hand-shake will in future be considered sufficient, and kissing is, indeed, now forbidden by the French Boxing Federation. It was the demonstrative Southerners who introduced it. To them, it seemed that a kiss was needed to show that there was no ill-feeling. It is the doctors who have stepped in to put an end to it. A knock-out blow from Carpentier, it would appear, is not nearly so dangerous as a kiss from him—at any rate, when he has been fighting. I know of some people, however, who, if they had to choose, would risk the greater danger.

Dress Piracy Punishable!

If you copied another woman's dress, there was always the danger of getting into trouble—with the other woman. Now you may have to pay damages to her dressmaker also—especially in France. This principle was established a year ago by the courts of law, but it has just been confirmed on appeal. Not only has it been confirmed, but the plagiarist has found the damages which he has to pay raised from 16,000 to 40,000 francs. That all sounds very right and proper; but, then, how is it that a number of dressmakers in Paris flourish—and they certainly do—by selling exact copies of the models of the big houses, and selling them as such? Can it be that although they tell their customers that their dresses are exact copies, they are quite ready to prove to a jury that they are nothing like the real thing? BOULEVARDIER.

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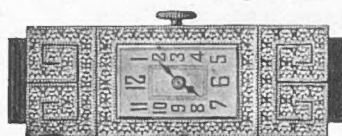
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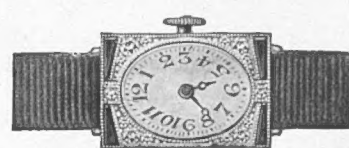
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